COURTESY OF

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CLASS OF 1899

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BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

VOL. II. *JACKSON, MISS., DECEMBER, 1899.* NO. 9

Ten "fresh fish"
On their way to dine;
One ate hash
And that left nine.

Nine "fresh fish"
Coming in late,
One couldn't lie
And that left eight.

Eight "fresh fish"
Made the "eleven,"
One bucked the line
And that left seven.

Seven "fresh fish"
In for some fun
Monkeyed with "math,"
And it left none.

—O. B., in *E. and H. Era.*

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

IT IS REQUIRED by the charter of Millsaps College that there shall be eight Trustees from each Conference in the State. Bishop C. B. Galloway, the President of the Board, was chosen to fill that office so long as he should be a resident of the State.

We regret not being able to furnish a picture of each Trustee. Below we give a list of the Trustees and their places of residence.

The North Mississippi Conference.

Mr. J. B. Streater, of Black Hawk—a successful merchant of that place—has been Superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School for thirty years. He has served as Secretary of the Board since its first meeting.

Captain D. L. Sweatman, of Winona, is a most successful lawyer and a man known and beloved throughout the State.

Mr. J. R. Bingham, of Carrollton, is a merchant and cotton buyer of that place. He is at present the Secretary of the Twentieth Century Educational Fund of the North Mississippi and Mississippi Conferences. He has taken into that enterprise all of the enthusiasm that has made him so successful in other lines of work.

Dr. W. G. Sykes, of Aberdeen, is a large and successful planter.

Rev. S. M. Thames, of Minter City, is a well-beloved minister of the North Mississippi Conference.

Rev. R. M. Standifer, of Oxford, Miss., one of the most genial and pleasant gentlemen to be found in the State, always receives a warm welcome from Millsaps College students.

Rev. J. W. Malone, also of Oxford, is President of the recently established Woman's College of that place. He has been engaged in educational work in this State for several years.

Rev. T. W. Lewis, although one of the younger

members of the Board, has been an honored minister in the North Mississippi Conference for a number of years, having filled some of the most important stations. His present residence is Carrollton, Miss.

The Mississippi Conference.

Rev. C. G. Andrews, D. D., of Meridian, Miss., is the Presiding Elder of the Meridian District. He has been Secretary of the Mississippi Conference for many years past, and has filled all of the important charges within the bounds of the same. Few men are more beloved than he.

Rev. W. C. Black, D. D., of New Orleans, La., the accomplished editor of the *New Orleans Christian Advocate,* is too well known throughout the South to need an introduction to the readers of the COLLEGIAN.

Rev. A. F. Watkins, pastor of Crawford Street Methodist Church, of Vicksburg, Miss., was at one time agent of Millsaps College. He is regarded as one of the ablest ministers in the State.

Rev. W. B. Lewis, of Yazoo City, has been a faithful member in the Mississippi Conference for many years.

Major R. W. Millsaps, of Jackson, Miss., the successful business man and friend of the boys of Mississippi, is President of the Capital State Bank and Treasurer of the Board of Trustees of Millsaps College. He has given more largely for christian education than any other man in the State.

Col. John A. Lewis is a prominent business man and manufacturer of Meridian, Miss.

Mr. Peter James, of Yazoo City, Miss., besides being engaged in mercantile pursuits, is President of the Yazoo City Bank and one of the largest cotton planters of the South. To this gentleman many a poor young man and woman in this State is indebted for an education.

Mr. I. C. Enochs, of Jackson, Miss., is President of the Enochs Lumber and Manufacturing Company, and is the largest lumber dealer in the State.

E. H. G.

THE FRESHMAN'S SOLILOQUY.

HEN sitting down at study,
With my mind on love intent,
Oft a picture comes before me
From a distant city sent.

'Tis a picture rich and lovely,
Fit to grace with beauty rare,
And with light so soft and holy,
The inner temple of the fair.

'Tis a picture of a maiden,
Bright blue eyes and golden hair;
Teeth that gleam thro' lips half open,
Just as pearls 'mid rubies rare:

All that face one sweet expression
Of the inner richer light,
Of a soul whose radiant beauty
Shines in splendor pure and bright.

Then I wonder, as I ponder,
Whether she will always be,
As she walks that city yonder,
Just the sweet, true girl to me

That she promised me at parting,
When the tears from out her eyes,
As they met the pale moon's splendor,
Gleamed like dew-drops 'neath the skies.

Will she love me tender, truly,
In my absence as of old,
When I sat within her presence,
The sweetest tale of all she told?

Or will time and distance sever
With the cruel knife of fate,
Ev'ry cord of sweet affection
That her soul to mine did mate?

Then indeed were hope illusion,
And love but a hollow name;
Faith and trust and all affection—
But an empty shell, the same—

Made of stuff that, for a season,
In the breath of favor stands,
But when tempests round it gather,
Falls in grains of crumbling sand.

R. LEE CANNON.

GEOLOGY OF JACKSON AND VICINITY.

VEN the casual observer must be struck with the fact that from one end of Mississippi to the other practically the same kind of soil meets his eye. This is due to two deposits that cover the older formations and hide the secrets of past ages from those who have not eyes to see. The upland region, not excepting the coast, is covered with a layer of yellow clay that is unstratified, very fertile, and increases in thickness towards the water courses. Underlying the yellow clay, and covering almost as extensive an area, is the familiar orange sand, impregnated with gravel and devoid of fertility. It is only where these are worn away that one can see the real geological difference between diverse sections of Mississippi. Fortunately, around Jackson the strata below are frequently exposed.

This orange sand deposit is extremely interesting, for the following reasons: The surface of the ground beneath it is found to consist of prehistoric hills and vales very much like those that beautify our landscape today. The few fossils it contains are of the greatest variety, from the Devonian to the Tertiary. It has even swept fossils up from the strata below. Its gravel beds lie in general north and south. The gravel itself shows distant origin. Therefore, beyond doubt, this drift was deposited when the whole State had be-

come the scene of a vast flood. Geologists fix the time as being immediately after the Glacial Epoch, about ten thousand years ago, when the immense amount of long-accumulated material at the North was turned loose by the melting rays of a more modern sunshine upon the lowlands of the South.

The region within a radius of fifty miles of Jackson is geologically the most representative of the State, for not only is there as great a variety as elsewhere, but the formations included extend all over the State, with the exception of a strip at the northeast. To show how varied is the geology of this region, it is only necessary to contrast a few localities. Jackson is in a different geological position from Clinton or Pearson, which are similarly situated; these are in turn different from Raymond or Brandon, which are alike. Byram is different from Terry. The region southwest of Edwards, that north of Canton and that east of Good Hope are three other distinct groups of earth.

The youngest land around Jackson is of course the "bottoms," including our fabulously fertile Delta. The swamps of Pearl River afford a good instance of this soil to the students at Millsaps College. Its geology class has recently traced an ancient bed of that stream one mile in length. The cutoff has become filled up nearly to the level of the swamp, while large trees have grown and died where the Pearl once flowed. Accurate study of the age of this cutoff will be further prosecuted.

"The "second bottoms" along Big Black River are of note, because the same condition is found around the Great Lakes. This "Terrace Epoch" must have been a time of very high water; for these lands are not now subject to overflow.

It will be surprising to many to learn that the bluff formation along the Father of Waters is comparatively new; it is found above the orange sand and under the yellow clay. All these facts are explained by saying that, after the flood that brought down the orange sand, the waters that still covered the lowlands

of the present Mississippi swamps changed their character, and deposited the lime-charged silt of the bluffs along the edge of the land. As the waters lost their swiftness and began to subside, an increasing amount of fine and rich yellow clay was spread over the sand and bluff. Finally, the second bottoms were formed, when the tributaries of the Mississippi had become tolerably well outlined by the further subsidence of the water.

This flood left no Ararat. The beautiful scenes of our State's ancient topography had all been covered by a deposit that at first left everything flat as a board. Even before, however, the waters had subsided very far, there commenced the great work of erosion that has culminated in the landscape of today. Where there was protection on account of cementation of the sand or bluff, the ancient land was more or less preserved and high hills or bluffs resulted. The site of Jackson itself is a mild example of this result.

The bluff material is remarkable, though we must remember that many Mississippi River bluffs are made of sand or marl. It is not stratified, contains fossils of ten species of snails, and shows the remains of fifteen species of mammal including the bear, tapir, deer, bison, elephant and that kind of mastodon specially named "gigantic."

Besides the above, there are five groups of earth around Jackson that belong to the periods before the flood, but they are exposed in general only by deep gullies, valleys, or wells. The youngest is called the Grand Gulf, because the bluff at that place is its most surprising outcrop. Raymond, Terry, Brandon and Raleigh are in its northern edge, while its southern underlies the Mississippi Sound. The orange sand deposits upon it are very deep, practically the largest exposure being along Pearl River. The material of the Grand Gulf, though extensive, is as a rule of little interest or value, being mostly sand stone and light colored clays. A low grade of lignite or soft brown coal is found deeply covered. Fine building sand stones

are sometimes quarried. Fossils are few, consisting of several species of beech, oak, pine or palm, in a badly disintegrated condition. The sandstones are often saturated with ordinary salt, magnesia and pyrites, cracking when exposed to the air and changing subterranean springs to mineral waters that are about as valuable as brine. Petrified wood is very common, especially in Southern Hinds.

The Vicksburg Group, the next in age, appears as a strip about ten miles wide, extending from Vicksburg to Wanesboro—clear across the State. Near the latter place, there is a cave said to rival in magnitude its relative in Kentucky. Every town on the Alabama & Vicksburg Railroad west of Morton lies in the strip except Jackson and Brandon. Orange sand seems to have been entirely washed away, though the yellow clay surface is often present. The material of the group is marl and compact limestone, the latter being sometimes beautifully crystalized. Byram has an outcrop of fine marl five feet thick. The Rankin Quarry is in this region. Blasting carried on there during the past year is said to have exposed large pieces of clear calcite. A recent visit by the Geology Class of Millsaps College showed that the rock lay in three or four distinct ledges close together. Settling had caused considerable cracking, giving the deceptive appearance of huge masonry constructed by prehistoric giants. This phenomenon led the visitors to conclude that the so-called ancient "wall" said to extend forty miles in Copiah and adjoining counties might very possibly be the work of nature. Mimicry is a common phenomenon of lower forms. Indeed, investigation of the matter has showed that Professor Hilgard in 1860 spoke of this wall formation occurring in several sandstone beds from Grand Gulf to Cato, and mentioned that the people of the latter place were for many years deceived by the Indian relics found near by.

The material of the Vicksburg Group is the most fossiliferous of any around Jackson. Seven species of fish, one crab, forty-eight bivalves, sixty-four uni-

valves, four radiata, and six corals have been described. Sometimes the fish are found perfectly preserved, as is shown by a specimen gratefully received lately by Millsaps College from one of its young lady friends.

The Jackson strip of strata lies immediately north of the Vicksburg Group and is similar to it both in extent and nature. Besides Jackson, Flora, Canton, Fannin, Forest, Paulding, and Shubuta lie within the strip, which is partly covered with the orange sand and above this largely with the yellow clay. Around Forest the clay is dark colored and adhesive, forming the prairie soil that is so familiar along the Mobile & Ohio Railroad. This is well worth study, for it shows how a surface that does not wash may preserve the original topography of the land.

As regards material, no limestones are found in the Jackson Group, but only white and blue marls. Gypsum, of the beautiful variety called selenite, that might easily be mistaken for isingglass, occurs at Lake and other localities. Vertebræ and teeth of perhaps six species of fish, of three radiata, five corals, thirty univalves and thirty-two bivalves have been found. The most noted fossil, however, is that of the immense whale called Zenglodon, calculated to have been seventy feet long. Millsaps College possesses several vertebræ of this animal, one being unearthed on Pearl River back of the campus.

The formations of the next older Group, the Claiborne, are not well illustrated by any region very near Jackson, though it commences at Good Hope, not far from Fannin. The country around Quitman, Meridian and Decatur best show its character. Suffice it here to say that the Claiborne Group is quite fossiliferous and full of iron ore, as an examination of the Museum of Millsaps College will show.

The oldest rock near Jackson is the country north of Canton. This is the extensive lignitic group of strata extending to the Tennessee line, and more properly divided into the buhrstone sub-group south of Montgomery County, and the La Grange to the north.

The material of this section is deeply covered by the orange sand, which, like that concealing the similar Grand Gulf to the south of Jackson, is full of gravel beds. The lignitic group shows the greatest diversity of material, from clays to sands of all colors. The lignite here is of good quality, unlike that of the too youthful Grand Gulf, and is sometimes found in valuable beds eight feet thick. Good bitumnious coal occurs in sufficiently large lumps to excite the landowners. The region north of Canton, therefore, is merely an older stage of region south of Byram.

A. M. MUCKENFUSS.

The Millsaps Collegian.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

ON ACCOUNT of the presence of yellow fever in Jackson, it has been impossible to issue our magazine before. But the COLLEGIAN makes its appearance now, begging its former readers and supporters to pardon this delay. To those who have made the publication of the magazine possible, we return thanks, and hope they will have no cause to regret having encouraged the enterprise.

We desire here to impress upon our fellow-students that in order to give our readers an interesting, live magazine, there must be contributors as well as editors. Therefore, we respectfully request that those who have gifts will furnish us with "copy." We also make a similar request of our alumni, all of whom, we hope, will be readers of the COLLEGIAN.

The day after Millsaps College had opened its doors for the present session, and while students were arriving by every train, we were startled by the announcement that yellow fever had appeared in our city. But our President, ready to meet any and every emergency, promptly established a strict quarantine around the College campus, cutting off all outside communication. Thus we were enabled to carry on our College work without interruption. The quarantine being

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raised with the disappearance of the disease, other students began to arrive, and our roll shows as many in attendance now as at this time last session. Our President deserves the thanks of both students and patrons for his unceasing watchfulness and care during the trying ordeal through which we have passed.

We are glad to see the students taking such an active interest in athletics and all outdoor exercises. Each evening one may see the boys upon the tennis court, upon the base ball field, upon the gridiron and still others in the gymnasium. We are indeed sorry that we are not allowed to test our skill with other colleges, for we believe we have as good material at Millsaps as there is to be found in any of our Southern colleges. The time may come or, rather, the time is surely coming, when we will endeavor to prove our statement to be true.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

KEEP 'EM LAUGHING, keep' em crying, keep 'em waiting." This was Charles Reade's definition of the way to write a good novel. It's a good definition, don't you think so? It puts into a few words a vast and difficult art—that is, difficult for those not born with genius. Now, Mary E. Wilkins is evidently one of those whose skill in writing comes from nature. Everything she does seems easy. Her latest book, "The Jamesons," gives the impression of having been written with absolute facility; and yet it is in a field somewhat new to her, the field of comedy. Read it if you want to laugh from pure enjoyment of the eccentricities of human nature. But every now and then you'll suddenly find your eyes filling with tears. So "The Jamesons" fulfills the first two-thirds of Charles Reade's definition. Moreover, it is so entertaining that, though the interest is never strongly established, it carries you along gently and smoothly to the end. Now and then Miss Wilkins stoops to exaggeration, but you can forgive that, for "The Jamesons" is intended to be a bit of fun. It succeeds, however, in being very much more. In fact, Miss Wilkins cannot touch any theme without showing how great an artist she is. Every character in the book is clear, every incident has point, every bit of sentiment rings true. The fine vein of tenderness that runs through it makes the most delicate poetry. Perhaps, however, its highest artistic quality lies in the way it is told, from the point of view an old maid of provincial New England, not the old maid of caricature, but one of those whole-souled, noble-minded creatures that make you feel sorry for the men who might have married them. Throughout the book you never forget who is telling it, and at the close you have a very definite impression of the narrator.

JOHN D. BARRY, in *Truth.*

"The Lion and the Unicorn."

A fresh volume of stories by Richard Harding Davis is always welcome, although the tales therein have been served first to the public through various periodicals. Mr. Davis' style is peculiarly his own, and "The Lion and the Unicorn," and "On the Fever Ship," are decidedly the best of this latest volume; and the latter is probably the best bit of descriptive writing Mr. Davis has done in a story. The sensations of delirium are most vividly described, and the pathos is moving, and not in the least mawkish. "The Lion and the Unicorn" is extremely pretty, although the title is obviously chosen for effect, rather than from any bearing it has on the story. One regrets that the young playwright's choice does not fall on Marion, instead of the unappreciative Helen, but men seldom do marry the women best suited to them, or most devoted to their interests. And there is one line in which Mr. Davis has no peers, and few rivals: his ability to handle love scenes.—From *The National Magazine.*

Mississippians, have you read Mr. Harris Dickson's book "The Black Wolf's Breed?" If not, you should do so immediately. I cannot say how well the book has been received in our State. Elsewhere, it has been classed with the foremost romances of the day. The following criticism, which appeared in the *Louisville Times,* is a fair example of the favor with which the story has been received:

"The men of the law are steadily invading literature. By a peculiar coincidence these invasions, more or less, have been made by the authors who have gone into the romantic story. It has not been so very long since Anthony Hope, the first of the recent popular school of romantic writers, left the court chambers for the more pleasant and profitable field of fiction. Stanley Weyman, too, has a fine legal training, but pure romance claims all his attention now. Over in Indiana Charles Major, who has written perhaps the most suc-

cessful romance published by an American in years, is a hard-worked and prosperous lawyer. The author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower" still sticks to his original profession.

"It is an interesting fact, therefore, to note that Harris Dickson, the author of the fine romance, "The Black Wolf's Breed," which was reviewed in the *Times* last week, is an attorney, and a Southern one at that. Mr. Dickson and his book came absolutely unheralded, but fine art usually finds a hearing. The book readily commends itself, for it is a strong, healthy story, alive with action and color. It is the first work of a novice, practically, in the field of letters, and the promise that this first effort holds out speaks well for future things. Rarely has a new author made so pretentious a debut.

"Mr. Dickson is about forty years of age and a resident of Vicksburg, Miss., which is his native place. He knocked about considerably in childhood and did not have the advantages of a first-class education. He drifted into the courts and became a court reporter. In this capacity he traveled all over the South. He saved sufficient funds to pay for his law studies. After his graduation at the University of Mississippi he entered the bar at Vicksburg, where he has practiced ever since.

"Literature with him has been purely a diversion. During the past five or six years he took many tramps abroad, visiting the scenes depicted in his story. Two years ago, when Vicksburg was quarantined against the world for four months, he wrote the story. At various times he polished it up. It is now presented as "The Black Wolf's Breed." The temptation is strong to say another word about the romance, for it shows no novice hand. It has all the swing and the dash of a genuine romance, and it will doubtless have the hearing that it deserves. "I. F. M."

We have read few books of late with greater interest than Paul Leicester Ford's "The Honorable Peter

Stirling." We were struck with the author's power of realizing character and the integrity of his conception. There is nothing unnatural about "Peter" when he is first introduced, there may be marked peculiarity, but that peculiarity is his strength of character. Nor does he change with every whim of the author, but preserves his personality in his development. The book deals admirably with the political and social life of New York City. While we may not altogether agree with "Peter's" sociological ideas, yet there is much in them that is worthy of consideration. One thing we were especially impressed with, that was the tenacity with which "Peter" held to the doctrine that there is some good in every person. He strove always to find that good, and to look at that instead of the bad. We recommend the book to all lovers of noble "Sterling" character.

In Opie Read's stories of life among the ignorant classes of Tennessee and Arkansas, the weak attempts at depicting the true character and dialect of the "old time" negro destroys what little interest the stories might have. After reading "Up Terrapin River," we can recall but one passage of any value. It is as follows: "The truest friends of this life are books. With them every man is a king; without them every man is a slave. The mind is God-given, and every good book bears the stamp of divinity. Books are the poor man's riches—the tramp's magnificent coach. I would rather live in a prison where there are books, than in a palace destitute of them."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

AFTER SO LONG A TIME the COLLEGIAN again appears, with a herty greeting to all her sister periodicals. Her delay has not been caused by a lack of energy or a spirit of unconcern, and she does not wish her friends to think so. Jackson has again been visited by the dreadful plague, yellow fever, and contingencies arising from this state of things have forced her delay. However, she is now ready to assure her readers that she will always be on hand in due time during the rest of the session.

The Exchange Department is in receipt of quite a number of exchanges.

We have read the exchanges with much pleasure and it has been very gratifying to note the healthful spirit that pervades nearly all of them. From indications we beleive the present year is to be a propitious one for college periodicals. Everywhere there is manifested a spirit of enthusiasm leavened by a wholesome determination to raise the standard of the college publication. And in this good work we do not propose to leave undone our part, and trust we shall be able to give the COLLEGIAN a merit which it has heretofore not possessed.

The Exchange Department we hope to make an interesting feature of our publication. We believe the Exchange Department, properly managed, is one of the most interesting and most profitable departments of any magazine. In our criticisms we shall always strive to be just, never to be harsh. And any criticisms which sister publications shall see fit to pass upon the COLLEGIAN will be received in the same spirit and be appreciated.

All things considered, the *Trinity Archive* is the best magazine on our table. The material in it is all good, the articles on "Thomas L. Clingman," and

"And I Saw Him No More," being especially interesting. Its editorial department, too, is strong. The stand in reference to "soft pated sentimental" poetry and an over abundance of local jokes, is well taken. There is a a distinctly literary air about the *Archive* which we discern about few others of our exchanges.

"Tom, the Knife Grinder, " in the November *Buff and Blue* is one of the best short stories we have seen. The story is well written, holding the attention throughout.

The Ozark is the second best magazine we have. "A Double Play" is a well written story. The idea of each editor discussing the novels he has most enjoyed is a good one .

The most interesting article in the *Blue and Gold* are "Meteoric Showers" and "George Carrington."

The *Whitworth Clionion* is a neatly bound, well printed monthly. "A Quarantine Episode" in the November number is good. We think, however, that there is a super-abundance of "locals" and "notes," and that by printing more matter of wider interest, the literary worth of the paper will be increased.

The best thing in the *Mississippi College Magazine* is the oration on "A Problem for Democracy." The editorial department is weak, containing no matter of general interest whatever. The magazine is neatly bound and well arranged, but we think its value would be largely enhanced by adding an exchange department and by broadening along editorial and literary lines.

In the *University of Mississippi Magazine,* "Through the Well-worn Gates" is a splendid story. The article on Paris is very interesting and the editorials are good.

The *Weekly Reveille* is always good. Its reading matter as a rule is very interesting, though sometimes too local.

In The Jeffersonian, "The South's Greatest Banjoist," and "The Virginia Military Institute" are interesting articles.

We wish also to acknowledge: The *Hendrix College Mirror,* the *University Unit, The Washingtonian, The Henry College Forum, The Emory and Henry Era,* and the *Howard Collegian.*

Clippings.

When a fellow gets a letter
From a maiden, he divines,
Many a precious little secret
Written in between the lines.

Funny too, in Greek and Latin,
How we meet with like designs,
Strange how many happy meanings
Oft are read between the lines.

—*Ex.*

The Greek professor sat in his chair,
His brow was marked with dire despair;
"When," quoth he, "in this horseless age,
Will the horseless student come on the stage?"

—*Ex.*

(*For Men Only.*)

If there's anything worries a woman,
It's something she ought not know,
But you bet she'll find it out anyhow,
If she gets the least bit of a show.

Now, we'll wager ten cents or a farthing,
This poem she's already read;
We knew she'd get at it somehow,
If she had to stand on her head.

—*Ex.*

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

ON LAST COMMENCEMENT DAY a number of Millsaps Alumni held a meeting at which an organization was perfected, and arrangements made for the celebration of Alumni Day, next Commencement, with proper exercises. At the meeting the following were elected to serve as officers for the coming year:

W. H. Fitzhugh, '97, President; R. B. Ricketts, '98, Vice-President; H. A. Jones, '99, Secretary; H. B. Watkins, '99, Treasurer; W. B. Jones,'97, was elected Essayist, and J. T. Calhoun, '96, Orator.

It is hoped that this association will be of great value in keeping up interest in the College among the Alumni.

The members of the Class of '99 are now pretty widely scattered over this and adjoining States. Some of them have gone to other schools and are now making further preparation for their chosen callings while others have entered at once into the fields of labor which they have fixed upon as theirs. W. E. M. Bogan and J. T. Lewis are now members of the North Mississippi Conference of the Methodist Church, and are stationed for the coming year at Dublin and Webb and Austin respectively. H. T. Carley and H. B. Watkins have entered the Theological Department of Vanderbilt University, where they are preparing themselves for the work of the ministry. A. W. Dobyns is now a Normal Fellow at Gallandit College, Washington, D. C., where he is preparing himself as an instructor of the deaf. He hopes to secure a position in a British institution, in which case he will leave for England at the close of the session next June. Four of the members of the class of '99 have entered the teaching profession. J. P. Wall is principal of the Graded School at Utica; E. L. Wall is principal of the Graded School at Edwards, and H. A. Jones has charge of the public

school at Calhoun, Columbia County, Arkansas. G. L. Harrel is professor of Mathematics in Whitworth Female College, at Brookhaven, Mississippi.

Millsaps is well represented in the Medical School at Tulane University. Messrs. Stafford, '98, Dye, Shipp and Caffey are Millsaps College men. At Vanderbilt we have A.H. Shannon,'98, H.T. Carley and H. B. Watkins, '99, and W. H. Hargrove, in the Theological Department and J. Hart, in the School of Pharmacy.

Prominent among the men who after leaving college have gone into political life is W. H. Hughes, Law '97, who is state senator-elect from Smith county.

B. H. Locke, '98, is teaching in the High School at Hattiesburg, Miss., and J. B. Alford, '98, is principal of the High School at Monticello, Miss. W. H. Fitzhugh, '97, and J. W. Canada, are practicing law in Memphis, Tenn.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT.

THROUGH the columns of the COLLLEGIAN again we shall undertake to give to our readers something concerning the Association work here as well as that of the general movement. Never before has the movement progressed so rapidly. It has been pushed forward so, that Associations have been organized in most of the countries where the Protestant religion is found.

The committee of the World's Student Christian Federation has appointed February 11, 1900, as universal Day of Prayer for the students.

The Association's wrok at the College is doing well as there is considerable interest manifested by the boys. Some of them seem to realize the necessity of developing the spiritual man along with the mental and physical man. There have been organized three bible study

classes, with thirty-five members, and one mission study class, with eight members.

Some time ago, a religious census of the student body was taken, and it may be of interest to some to know that, out of one hundred boys, eighty-five are church members and forty-eight are members of the Association.

Committees are actively at work and are meeting with success.

The religious exercises are held on every Friday and Sunday afternoon, and one regular business meeting is held each month.

We desire to offer thanks to those who have given papers and magazines to our reading-room.

Mr. C. N. Guice has been elected as Director of Music for the Association.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

ALTHOUGH we have had to weather a fever epidemic, and that which is far worse, a quarantine, we are glad to see that our roll shows as many students present, as at this time last session.

Several new residences are being biult in the vicinity of the college campus, among them is the beautiful little cottage of one of our professors, Mr. E. L. Bailey.

The North Mississippi Conference, at its recent session, generously donated six thousand dollars, a part of their "Twentieth Century Thank-offering," to be used in the equipment of Millsaps College.

The Carrollton Sunday School in giving one hundred dollars as a Thank-offering, directed that it be used in the equipment of the Scientific Department of the College.

Rev. W. E. M. Brogan, '99, and Rev. J. T. Lewis, '99, paid us a visit last week. They have both entered

the North Mississippi Conference, and were given appointments at its last session.

Dr. Murrah has returned from the North Mississippi Conference. He leaves this week to attend the Mississippi Conference at Vicksburg.

Quarterly examinations are over with, and many are the expressions, some of joy, others of woe, and some "just middlin." Everyone, however, feels very much relieved; for even the thought of an examination is enough to "make a man blue."

We are glad to note that a greater interest is being taken in athletics this session than ever before. There is to be a game of foot ball Saturday, December 16th, between the College and town.

On November 24th there was a very fine game of foot ball played in Jackson between the teams of the Universities of Alabama and Mississippi. Score, 7 to 5, in favor of Alabama. Much interest and enthusiasm was displayed by all in this game.

Our College is improving in every department. A lot of new apparatus has been ordered for the gymnasium.

Mr. E. H. Galloway, '00, is the Director of the Gymnasium this year.

The class of '00, consists of fourteen fine fellows. The class has adopted and ordered rings. The officers of the class are J. A. Teat, President; M. A. Chambers, Vice-President; C. N. Guice, Secretary; S. L. Burwell, Treasurer; E. H. Galloway, Historian; T. W. Holloman, Orator; W. W. Holmes, Poet; T. E. Mrashall, Essayist; J. B. Mitchell, Prophet; H. P Lewis, Jr., Chaplain. The class has decided to have class day some time in the Spring.

The officers of the Junior Class are as follows: President, B. E. Eaton; Vice-President, R. A. Clark; A. A. Hearst, Secretary; H. F. Sivley, Treasurer; E. B. Ricketts, Historian; W. A. Terry, Essayist; L. F. Magruder, Orator; G. R. Bennett, Poet.

The Sophomores have elected the following to serve as their officers for '99-'00: W. A. Williams,

President; W. L. Duren, Vice-President; J. H. McLeod, Secretary; J. A. Vaughn, Treasurer; A. J. McLaurin, Jr., Orator; G. R. Thompson, Historian; H. G. Fridge, Poet; Y. H. Clifton, Essayist; C. M. Simpson, Chaplain; H. L. Clark, Prophet; J. D. Tillman, Corresponding Secretary.

The Freshman have organized and elected the following officers: W. F. Cook, President; J. E. McNeil, Vice-President; R. F. Jones, Secretary; E. E. Johnson, Treasurer; W. L. Wood, Orator; W. M. Buie, Prophet; W. O. Tatum, Historian; J. I. Covington, Essayist; Eric Hyer, Liar; W. N. Duncan, Chaplain; D. C. Enochs, Poet.

Mr. Will Hall, a former student of Millsaps College, was in town the other day, and paid us a visit. Mr. Hall is practicing law at Meridian.

The Kappa Alpha Club is to be congratulated on being so pleasantly situated in their Chapter House on the campus; which is the first "club house" established at Millsaps College.

Friday evening, December 15, the Lamar Literary Society will have a rally meeting. They have invited, specially, a number of their friends, and are expecting a great time.

Friday evening, directly after the "rally meeting," the Kappa Alphas will entertain a number of their friends at a very delightful little reception. The boys are royal hosts, and we predict for all a very enjoyable time.

On Thanksgiving Day, Mr. E. H. Galloway entertained the members of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity at a very delightful dinner.

On the first day after the quarantine was raised the boys were allowed to go to town. They celebrated the occasion with a very enjoyable trolley ride.

The electric cars are a great convenience to the college boys. Several of the boys spent Thanksgiving out of town.

Christmas is almost on us. We are all rejoicing over the fact that we will have holiday this year. The

holidays begin December 23rd and end January 1st.

The Seniors have enjoyed several geological expeditions. The last was made to the Rankin County Limestone Quarries. Several very interesting specimens were secured. They have planned a number of trips for this winter and next spring.

The officers of the Lamar Literary Society for this quarter are: C. N. Guice, President; M. A. Chambers, Vice-President; W. L. Wood, Recording Secretary; Estelle McFaddin, Corresponding Secretary; H. G. Fridge, Treasurer; H. L. Austin, Door-Keeper; J. F. Galloway, Censor; C. P. Manship, Critic.

The officers of the Galloway Literary Society for this quarter are: T. E. Marshall, President; A. A. Hearst, Vice-President; L. W. Felder, Recording Secretary; H. G. McGowan, Corresponding Secretary; W A. Terry, Critic; W. F. Cook, Treasurer; J. M. Lewis, Sergeant-at-Arms; H. O. White, Auditor.

Mr. T. W. Holloman has been elected Anniversarian of the Lamar Literary Society. Mr. C. N. Guice, First Orator. The anniversary will be held in April. On this occasion Governor McLaurin will address the society.

J. T. McCafferty is Anniversarian of the Galloway Literary Society. E. H. Galloway, First Orator. R. A. Clark Second Orator.

The commencement debators are L. F. Magruder and W. W. Holmes, from the Lamar; B. E. Eaton and W. L. Duren, from Galloway.

Millsaps College boasts on having two members of the Legislature as matriculates of the College—J. T. McCafferty, a member of the Junior Literary, and Norment, of the Law Department.

BOYS!—*Read over our advertisements and patronize those who have helped us to make the existence of the* COLLEGIAN *possible by advertising with us. No one was solicited to advertise except upright business and skilled professional men.* BUSINESS MGR.

COLLEGE STUDENTS

Are cordially invited to call and inspect my line of Holiday Goods suitable for Christmas and New Year Presents. It embraces many choice novelties, including Medallions, Albums, Fancy Stationery, Christmas Cards, Pocket Books, Razors, Pocket Knives, Etc. Prices are moderate and range from 25c upward.

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Stationery and School Books

For Millsaps College Students always on hand.

Reduced Prices to the Cottage Clubs. **Boys, make my store your headquarters**

MILLSAPS COLLEGE ADDITION.

WE EDUCATE THE MASSES

ON QUESTIONS OF

FURNITURE, AND KINDRED LINES.

207-209 State St **Isydore Strauss & Son,**

This Way:

I have a full line of Books, Pictures and Fancy Stationery, suitable for Christmas presents; I also make a specialty of School Books and Picture Frames. Call and see.

Fitzhugh & Co.'s Old Stand. ***J. J. MOORE.***

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. 2 JACKSON, MISS., FEBRUARY, 1900 No. 10

CITIZENSHIP.

WHEN the traveler by night breathes a fervid prayer of thanks for the stars which light his pathway, he little thinks that there are many other stars far above those which he sees whose light as truly, if not to so great an extent, is a "lamp unto" his feet. Even so when we gaze at the stars of our national ensign resting in their field of blue and symbolizing the light of the States and of our Union, we seldom think of the myriad of Promethean sparks whose light gives your pathway and mine its brilliancy. But the comparison does not go far enough. The light of all the citizens is reflected upon each life by his State and National governments.

There are three ways in which each citizen affects the lives of his fellow countrymen: physically, mentally and morally. And just in proportion as we realize the solemness of the obligation resting upon our government to protect the bodies, educate the minds and civilize the hearts of our people, will we appreciate the serious responsibility of citizenship.

Some one may say: I have little influence, only the men in high places have opportunities to shape the policy and the destiny of our people. But, sir, who placed our leaders in authority? The majority of the voters. If the legislator from your county is a demagogue, who is to blame? His constituents. Did you make any effort to secure the election of an honest, intelligent representative? You voted for the best candidate. But is your duty simply to go to the polls and choose between two corrupt men? No! If all the candidates are scheming politicians, the good citizens should petition some capable and patriotic man to enter the race. Surely, unselfish men of great genius should manage the affairs of statecraft.

But will they leave the assured success of their professions to enter the corrupt and uncertain world of politics, when the people are so engrossed in their own interests as to turn over the government to the hands of "blind-mouthed" partizans? If the candidates are ignorant and narrow minded, it is mainly because the people do not use the available means to secure suitable managers of their public affairs. Often a good citizen could defeat the foul schemes of wire-pullers by an earnest speech or even a few words in a committee; but because he is absorbed in seeking private gain he allows his own and his fellow citizens' public business to be managed by plunderers of the government purse. The history of our revolutionary and civil war periods shows that when the people cry from the depths of their hearts for true statesmen, the greatest men of the age become the servants of the commonwealth.

Public opinion is the omnipotent power of the United States, and it is the duty of every man to see that his part of this mighty force is true, wise and tempered by the spirit of love. Not one, but many form public opinion. Just as thousands of little streams from the hill-sides of the Mississippi basin flow together and from the mighty current of the "father of waters," so the various streams of your thoughts and mine run into the legal channel of expression and form the sovereign power of our nation. And, regardless of whether it carries destruction or blessing, when this power is once formed it never changes until its source is modified. Therefore, it is of grave importance that public opinion be rightly formed.

The private citizen can have little effect in the election of our Governors and National officers. When two demagogues are before the people, at best, he can only choose the lesser of two evils. How, then, can the individual of little influence make himself felt in the affairs of state? Although voting for a President is like casting a pebble in the Atlantic, still your ballot for a legislator may determine who shall represent your county. You can have great power in the election of your local officers.

Fellow citizens, if the people would elect the most capable

and patriotic men to these offices, American politics would be freed of bad Governors and Congressman. While the local officers do not elect the Governors and Congressmen still scheming politicians would be defeated, because the most influential men of each community would be against them, and a constituency which chooses good local officers would entrust the most responsible positions of state to men of the same character.

Fellow Mississippians, we can justly be proud of what our ancestors have accomplished by wisely forming public opinion.

Mr. Lamar's Sumner eulogy melted the bitter heart of the North and made them realize that there was one Southerner who loved honesty of purpose and the nobleness of a sympathetic heart. Thus winning their respect he became the leader in removing the "feeble, furtive, false and fraudulent" government of carpet bag rule from our fair Southland.

The constitution of our State is largely the result of Senator George's giant mind and persuasive eloquence. Mississippi has the honor of being the first Southern State to adopt an educational qualification for suffrage. But if Congress had declared it unconstitutional, it would have amounted to nought, and no other Southern State would have attempted that in which her bold sister state had been defeated.

Senator George was the most powerful defender of our constitution. To his vindication of our organic law "no answer came, and, so far as the United States Senate is concerned, the attack on Mississippi's constitution has never been renewed from that day to this."

So we see that while Mr. Lamar exerted the greatest influence in rescuing the South from subjection to her former slaves, Senator George has taken up this grand work where it was left off and enabled the Southern States to adopt educational qualifications which would remove the menace of ignorant votes from our political system.

But the opportunities to perform this great service for our Southland were given them by the people of Mississippi. And it is very doubtful if any other man could have won a respect-

ful hearing and a sympathetic answer from the North as soon as did Mr. Lamar, or could have silenced the quibblers about our State constitution as quickly and successfully as did Senator George. If these great men had not been elected the South might not have been freed from the shackles of bondage to her own slaves so soon, and even now we might be fearing a reenslavement to ignorance as the result of our coming elections.

While no one knew that Lamar and George would accomplish these great results, their character and past records indicated that their conduct would be wise and magnanimous. So it is today; we cannot judge what a man will do except by his past life. In this age of newspapers, a citizen has daily presented to his view a picture of the lives of our public men. He can read an accurate account of what they have done and are doing while under the cross fire of their own convictions and popular clamor. Therefore, it is a poor excuse to plead: I did not know whom to vote for.

But what shall we say of that man who has confidence in the leadership of certain men and sacrifices his convictions to accomplish some selfish purpose? Governments are made for the good of the governed. Why, then, should not each man vote for his own interest regardless of the public good? Simply because voting for your own interest, when you know that others will suffer unjustly because of your prosperity, is in conflict with one of the fundamental principles of Christ's life and teachings. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

During a recent congressional campaign, I heard a prominent business man say: "He'll not get my vote, he don't put any money in my pocket." He seemed to have forgot that by his vote for a congressman the destiny of seventy millions of souls; aye, of the inhabitants of the world, might be affected. Congress declared war with Spain and the shackles of oppression were struck from nine millions of souls. But who knows what will be the result of our expansion? It may yet, God forbid, be the cause of universal war and the downfall of our Nation. Or it may be the means of hastening the civilization of the Orient. Your representative might have been chosen

without your vote; yet you should realize the great privilege and solemn responsibility of your ballot, due to the fact that it might decide the election.

It is often said that a man must be dishonest to succeed in politics. Though the majority of our public men may be demagogues, the life of John M. Stone proves that all our statesmen are not yet dead. But should the good citizens allow fraudulent men to conduct our public business? The wire-pullers are constantly bestowing offices upon men who are willing to work for their re-election. Thus weak men are caused to sacrifice their convictions and corruption grows. Let it alone, and those good and true men who could have been its conquerors will be its slaves. Suppose your property and friends were in a life-boat and a pirate was at the helm, would you sit complacently and let him guide you into his robbers' den? No! Why, then, do you allow "the reign of the demagogue" to continue? The greater the corruption, the more urgent is the need for pure men in our politics. If good men do not enter public life, how can it ever be purified? Our young men should be taught that it is a duty and privilege, if need be, to sacrifice their lives for the State. What grand sentiments in those words of James Russell Lowell.

"I honor the man who is ready to sink
Half his present repute for the freedom to think,
And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
Will risk t'other half for the freedom to speak,
Caring nought for what vengeance the mob has in store,
Let that mob be the upper ten thousand or lower."

There is great significance in that verse: "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." O, may the mothers of our grand Republic teach their sons that there is only one law of conduct between man and man, for both public and private citizenship: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

THOMAS M. LEMLY.

ODE TO THE SENIOR CLASS.

Green grow the grasses, O!
Green grow the grasses, O!
Upon our college bill of fare,
You must have some molasses, O!

Yes, grits and gravy's very good,
And nothing suits the masses, so,
But we the mighty Seniors should,
Have plenty of molasses, O!

Among our student body here,
There are some "prepish" asses, O!
But not a "Prep" who holds not dear,
His corn-bread and molasses, O!

Our President is "Baby" Teat,
He "busts" in all his classes, O!
If you would see that bully eat,
Trot out some sorghum 'lasses, O!

—*"Bobby Burns, of* 1900."..

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

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R. B. Ricketts (B. S.'98) Alumni Editor
G. R. Bennet, Y. M. C. A. Editor
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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The news of the death of Dr. C. G. Andrews caused great sadness at our college. He was Vice-President of Millsaps College and his memory will be cherished by both students and instructors. The church has lost one of her greatest pulpit orators of the day, a leader in every sense of the word. His was a noble Christian character and his influence will ever be felt. We mourn with a host of others at the death of this noble man.

We are glad to notice that the college magazines of our Methodist institutions are showing such interest in the Twentieth Century Educational Movement. The Methodist church undertook a great work when she proposed to raise $1,500,000.00 as a Thank Offering, same to be used for education-

al purposes. The indications are that all this money will be raised. Let us all hope that this great undertaking will be a grand success.

Since the last issue of the COLLEGIAN we have entered upon the second term of the college course. We have been much encouraged by the support and co-operation which has been given us and hope that we may expect the same throughout the year.

With the beginning of the new term our recently elected professor of English took charge of that department. Prof. D. H. Bishop is a graduate of Emory and Henry College of Virginia, and was for two years assistant teacher of English in Vanderbilt University. He comes to us from the Texas school of Technology. We all welcome our new professor.

The Governor of our State and several of the State officers are graduates of Mississippi College, of Clinton, Miss. This college payed a fit tribute to her sons on inauguration day when the whole student body attended the celebration. This college is one of the oldest and best of our State and we rejoice with her in the success of her Alumni.

The constitution of the State Oratorical Society of which Millsaps College is a member, requires that the speeches of the college representatives shall be published in the college magazine. Accordingly, the speech of Mr. T. M. Lemly, of Jackson, Miss., will be found in this issue. We hope to give our readers the oration of our other representative in our next issue.

The Mississippi State Historical Association has just concluded its meeting here in this city. Many excellent papers were read on this occassion. One of our professors, Dr. A. M. Muckenfuss, read a very able paper before the Association.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

THE holiday season of 1899 is past, and has undoubtedly proved to be the largest known in the history of the trade, for with few exceptions, all reports as to sales are to the effect of material increase over previous years. The most pronounced feature was the demand for the four volumes of fiction—"Richard Carvel." "Janice Meredith," "David Harum," and "When Knighthood was in Flower,"—which taxed the resources of their several publishers beyond their limit, so that at no time were they fully up to the orders.

Taking the entire sale as a criterion, the book of the year was decidedly "David Harum," the sale of which ran into large numbers each month. Relative judgment, however, might put either "Richard Carvel" or "Janice Meridith," upon a plane with it, both of them having been before the public a much shorter time. It will be interesting to see which of these three will attain, in the end, the greatest measure of popularity."—From *"The Bookman."*

The late Grant Allen was one of the most industrious writers of the century. By training he was a scientist and he wrote a number of scientific books, but they did not pay very well, so he took to novel writing. Every style of novel dropped from his pen. He was quick to take up with any manner that he thought was popular and would pay. He has written some of the most immoral and some of the most innocuous books. Few people would care to have his "hill top" novel in their house, while "Miss Cayley's Adventures" might go into a Sunday school library. Since his death it is announced with authority that Mr. Allen, masquerading under the pen of Olive Pratt Rayner, wrote those two amusing stories, "The Typewriter Girl," and "Rosalba." And all along I had supposed,

having seen it stated in the papers, says Miss J. L. Gilder, that Olive Pratt was an American girl, who had married an Englishman by the name of Rayner, who lived in Italy, where he owned orange groves. That was a pretty story for an author to hide behind, and I believed every word of it, orange groves and all.—From *"The Critic."*

Mr. Richard Harding Davis has spent most of the time since his marriage at his home in Marion, Mass. He has been working steadily for the last year on a novel to be called "Captain Macklin, His Life and Adventures, by Himself." It will be another year before it is finished. This goes to prove that easy reading is not always easy writing. Few successful authors nowadays dash off the pages of their manuscript while the printer' devil waits for it at the door. By way of recreation Mr. Davis has been working at odd moments on a comedy, which Mr. Sothern will bring out in February. The scene is laid in London, but the characters are American.—From *"The Critic."*

The following editorial recently appeared in the "Vicksburg Post:" "It is understood that Mr. Harris Dickson, whose new book, "The Black Wolf's Breed," an historical novel, that has caught on the good will and endorsement of the reading public has another book near completion which will soon be ready for publication."

Being from Mr. Dickinson's home, we sincerely hope the editor spoke as one having authority and that soon we may enjoy another such a splendid and wonderfully interesting romance as Mr. Dickson has given us in "The Black Wolf's Breed."

It is a well known fact that the South has great need of high class magazines. In contemplating this fact, we rejoice to see the progress and improvement which has been made by

the "Southern Home Journal," since it's removal to Memphis. We feel great interest in the future of this paper which made its first appearance in Jackson. There is indeed a wide field from which it can have resource and we predict that some day it will supply our need of a magazine that will give Southern writers opportunities that now have to be sought in other sections of our country.

In the recent death of John Ruskin, England has lost the last of her great writers. He was not foremost in the ranks of her greatest men, but was one of the most influential and widely read of the literary lights of the last half-century. He saw the world with the eye of a poet and possessed the power of making men see it in the same light.

Quite an interesting discussion has been waged in one of our leadng periodicals as to the original of Mr. Westcott's character, "David Harum." From facts brought to light by well informed writers, there is little doubt but that Mr. Wectcott drew his portrait from the life of David Hannum.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

The first thing I spy is the Emory and Henry Era. As usual it is full of good reading matter. "One Day's Outing," is a good story and "The Twilight of the Nineteenth Century," puts the issue in the first rank.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of: Blue and Gold, University Unit, Howard Collegian, Emory and Henry Era, Whitworth Clionion, the Reveille, the Jeffersonian, Mirror, Reflector, the Deaf Mute Voice, the Washingtonion, and the Mississippi College Magazine.

The Howard Collegian is a welcome visitor to our table. It's editorial and literary departments are both good. "Some Thoughts on College Life," is an article full of common sense and good advice.

The December issue of the Whitworth Clionion has much interesting matter in it. The various ambitions of the Whitworth seniors are very interesting and some of them rather amusing.

The Weekly Reville is always a welcome and interesting visitor to our table. We have read "The Naughty Naughts," with a great deal of pleasure.

The exchange editor may scratch on a pen
Till the tips of his fingers are sore,
When some one is sure to remark with a jest,
"Rats, how stale! I've heard that before."

—*"Squire."*..

The Hendrix College Mirror has some good matter in it. "An Incident in Camp," is a very touching story.

The University Unit is a neatly bound and well-arranged monthly. It's real worth lies in its editorial department.

CLIPPINGS

The Phillipine care is thus poetically, as it were, explained:

Spain has a little lamb, the meekest lamb around;
She sold the lamb to Uncle Sam for twenty million down;
Then Sam took it by the tail to lead it home you know;
The mutton rare turned out a bear and Sam can't let it go.

DICTIONARY GIRLS

A disagreeable girl.....Annie Mosity
A sweet girl.....Carrie Mell
A big-hearted girl.....Jennie Rosity
A smooth girl.....Amelia Rate
A clear case of a girl.....E. Lucy Date
A geometric girl.....Polly Gon
A not orthodox girl.....Hettie Rodox
A rich girl.....Mary Gold
A nice girl.....Ella Gant
A flower girl.....Rhoda Dendson
A musical girl.....Sarah Nade
A profound girl.....Metta Physics
A star girl.....Meta One
A clinging girl.....Jessie Mine
A nervous girl.....Hester Ical
A muscular girl.....Callie Sthinics
A lively girl.....Annie Mation
An uncertain girl.....Eva Wescent
A sad girl.....Ella G
A great big girl.....Ella Phant
A warlike girl.....Millie Tary

WOULD YOU?

1. When a pair of red lips are upturned to your own
   With no one to gossip about it,
   Do you pray endurance to let them alone?
   Well, maybe you do, but I doubt it.

2. When a sly little hand you are permitted to seize
   With velvety softness about it,
   Do you let it alone with never a squeeze?
   Well, maybe you do, but I doubt it.

3. When a tapering waist is in reach of your arms,
   With wonderful plumpness about it,
   Do you argue the point with the good and the harm?
   Well, maybe you do, but I doubt it.

4. And if by these tricks you should capture a heart
   With womanly softness about it,
   Will you guard it and keep it, and act a good part?
   Well, maybe you will, but I doubt it.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

IT SHOULD be quite encouraging to members and friends to see how rapidly the Y. M. C. A. work is increasing. During the last four years there has been an increase of 120 organizations and of membership 4000.

At present the Y. M. C. A. of the United States and Canada has 505 organizations with membership of 34,000, and the World's Student Christian Federation to which the Y. M. C. A. belongs, has 1394 organizations with membership of 65,488.

The association here observed the week beginning with January 8, as week of prayer. Prayer services were held at night and a good many of the members attended.

All the committees seem to be doing good work. The Bible classes are growing. At each business meeting new names are added to the roll. There are now 63 members enrolled.

The committe on furnishing hall will make some needed improvements soon in the way of curtains. The committee on Foreign Missions has raised and sent off $18.00.

While Mr. C. N. Guice was attending the last Mississippi Conference he raised $50.00 for the Y. M. C. A. here and Mr. R. A. Clark, while at the last North Mississippi Conference raised $30.00.

At the regular business meeting Friday afternoon, February 2, officers were elected which are given in the locals of the COLLEGIAN.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

A LETTER from one of the "Millsaps Colony" at Vanderbilt says, "M. E. and A. L. Thompson are here at the Medical College of the University of Nashville." Dr. Courtney Shropshire here at the Tennessee Medical is kind enough to smile at us occassionally as tho' he knew us. One of the Miller boys is in this city at Draughn's Business College. The sight of his smiling face opposite us at church on Sunday morning brings back fond recollections to our hearts.

Miss Smith, of Meridian, has been the guest of her cousin, Miss Mattye Cavett. Complimentary to her Miss Cavett entertained at Crokinole Friday evening, February 2. The invited guests were Misses Mary and Hattie Holloman, Julia Cameron, Whitfield, Kate Whitfield, Jessie Enochs and Jessie Allen. Messrs. T. W. Holloman, McLeod, Chambers, Teat, Guice, A. Thompson, Fridge, R. B. and E. B. Ricketts.

All the Millsaps boys turned out to witness the inauguration of Governor Longino, on January 16. The faculty granted a holiday, which was enjoyed to the fullest extent by all. The National Guard made a fine showing. One company of A. and M. boys and two companies of Mississippi College boys were in town participating in the inaugural festivities.

The Historical Society of Mississippi held its annual meeting in the city on the 1st and 2nd. Many of the prominent men and women of the State took part in the exercises and it is needless to state that the Millsaps boys were greatly benefitted thereby.

J. T. Calhoun, '96, who is principal of the Columbia Mississippi High School was in Jackson during the holidays. Mr.

Calhoun has met with great success in his school work; a success which is fully earned by the care and skill which he has shown in the management of affairs.

A. J. McCormick, '96, who is now a lawyer of Clarksdale, Miss., was in town a few days ago having come to Jackson for the purpose of standing the examination required by law to be stood by candidates for the office of county superintendent of education.

Rev. W. E. M. Brogan is the first of the class of '99 to enter into the holy estate of matrimony. He was married on December 27, 1899, to Miss Bessie Walton, of Edwards, Miss. The COLLEGIAN extends its best wishes to both bride and groom.

Wharton Green and W. H. Bradley, both of the class of '98, who have gone into railroad construction and civil engineering work, being employed by two of the northern railroads, were here at times during the holidays.

Prof. Bishop has taken charge of the English department since the opening of the second term. Prof. Bishop comes to us from Fort Worth, Texas. We feel confiident Mr. Bishop will have a pleasant stay among us.

The Senior class on February 3 planted their class tree with all due ceremony. It is marked by streamers of nile green and pink ribbon and anyone caught meddling with the same will be severely punished.

We regret to learn of the serious illness of Mr. R. D. Clark and hope to see him on the campus soon. His mother came over from Yazoo City, Friday night, to atend at his bedside.

Mr. C. N. Guice left February 3, for a weeks visit, to his home. Being threatened with measeles he wisely desired to be cared for at home.

Mr. P. L. Clifton, '98, was here Christmas having come up to spend the holidays at home. Clifton is practicing law in Biloxi, Miss.

Tennis is still the rage. It is by far the most popular game at Millsaps and some excellent players have been developed.

The presence of small pox in Jackson has caused many of the boys to be vaccinated. Be careful how you grab a man's arm.

The senior class rings, ordered some time ago have arrived and the boys are trying to get rid of them already.

Mr. Chambers spent the week following Christmas at his home in Brookhaven.

Examinations are over and the boys are all ready for another term of study.

Some of the boys have been confined to their rooms on account of measles.

George B. Power is now engaged in the practice of law at Natchez.

The inaugural ball was largely attended and was quite a success.

Mr. Harry Fridge has just recovered from an attack of mumps.

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. 2 JACKSON, MISS., MARCH, 1900 No. 11

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

After an examination into all the phenomena of nature, we find that everything has a purpose, everything a destiny. "Nothing is found to walk with aimless feet." Every leaf, every flower, and grassblade serves its purpose in the Universe of God. Every science and religion, every thought, word, and deed blend in harmony together with the beauty and the music of that increasing purpose toward which the whole Universe moves. However diligently we search, it is utterly impossible for us to find one single creature of God's creation but that, by a careful investigation we are able to find some reason for its existence.

God, in his economic plan of constructing the Universe, so arranged it that none of its energy is lost. It may, and does change its form; and so far as we are able to discover with the naked eye it is often lost from the Universe. Nevertheless, it is there, and is still exercising its dominion. And as this is true of the energy of the Universe, so too, do we find the same economical principal exercised in every department of God's creation. It is in God's workmanship alone that we find no failure, no mistake, no aimlessness. Therefore, since man is the masterpiece of God's workmanship, we do not hesitate for one brief moment, even, to affirm that there is a purpose in the life of each individual. Nor do we hesitate to assert further, that the accomplishment of the purpose of an individual life is of more importance in the sight of God than all his other creations besides. We base the foregoing assertions on these facts: On man alone of all his

numerous creations did God place the stamp of His own image; to man alone gave He the power of thought. Thus we find the Creator bestowing upon man a dignity and honor that far surpasses that possessed by the sun, who with majesty and power wheels about him with lightning speed the various planets of the Universe. For He incorporated into the human body, that is itself wedded to the worm, the legacy of death, an immortal mind. If, then, man creep with the snail, he also flies with the Seraph; if the worm be his kinsman, Archangels are his friends; and though he be the companion of the lowly now, he will soon be the associate of "principalities and powers in heavenly places." And in testimony of the superiority of man over all things else, we find God placing him in authority over all His other creations. And we also find it recorded that before the downfall of man God walked with him in the cool of the evening, and talked to him as they strolled together under the shade trees of the Garden of Eden. It was during those happy days that man was innocent, that man was pure. He knew nothing of sin, for then it was not so much as named among them. But how different since his deception by the serpent! Since that time man has looked upon nothing, scarcely, save the fruits of wickedness that has sprung from the eating of the tree of knowledge. And now, while we would not even dare the attempt of excusing our mother Eve for her disobedience, yet we are constrained to attribute the tragical downfall of man, in a great measure, to Eve's desire and search for the truth. For by the natural construction of man's mind, and according to the philosophy of past ages we find that "to know the truth" has ever been the desire of man. "Its knowledge is the only liberty and they are slaves indeed who live in ignorance." "The Philosophy of Life" is the truth for which sages have searched for countless ages. For to know how to life and what to live for is the most important knowledge to be attained by man. And wise are they who find this Talisman, and wiser still the

man who by his efforts demonstrates its truth, changes theory into practice, and finds within this mortal sphere the satisfied realization of his dream of life. We live to make a life, and if perchance we live the three score and ten years allotted to man, that life will be just what we ourselves have made it. True it is that we did not ask to be born, yet we live and no one can deny it. We may doubt that the earth revolves about the sun, we may doubt that the earth turns upon its own axis; yee, we may even doubt the existence of a God, but so long as we are in possession of a sane mind we can never doubt that we live. And further it is true that no man lives unto himself. We each have some influence over another. Therefore, since our lives may well be symbolized by the river that flows through the valley and gathers unto itself the waters from the branches and brooks that have gathered into their own bosom the waters from the springs that bubble forth from the sides of the hills and mountains, and altogether flow over to the ocean, the great eternity of waters, is it not our duty, for the sake of humanity if not for our own, to be careful as to the life we make?

It is an undeniable truth that when the mind of man is allowed to yield to the teachings of its truest nature there is never found but one fundamental object of this life, and that is to fit and prepare us for the fellowship of a higher. And the only means toward the atttaining of that end is education. And by education we mean all that tends toward the development of the physical, intellectual and spiritual natures of man. Education is a process, an unfolding, a development. Go to the woods and watch the wonderful advent of spring. You see there the bursting bud, the spreading leaf, the flower, the fruit, always a progress toward perfection. We see this development in the animal about us, and best of all we see it in the child in our home, in his physical, intellectual and moral development.

There are two phases of physical development. One

was practiced by the old Romans in the training of their youths for the combat of man with man, and man with beast. The other the artist has who traces upon his canvass the shadows of life and nature; and then with his creative brush and the magic blending of his colors, transforms the meaningless outline into the masterpiece of art. The musician has it who draws with dexterous arm the bow across the violin, plays his artful fingers over ivory keys to tell to others the music of his soul, the singer who thrills her audience with sounds of harmony, and the orator who moves his audience to laughter andapplause and tears. It is through the physical, and through the physical only, that the mental finds expression. This body is the temple of an immortal soul. Through it we commune and live with those about us by our words and deeds.

The education of the mental nature of man next claims our attention, and, second only to the development of our spiritual natures it is the foremost duty of life. For more than ever before in the history of the world does the age demand that every man think for himself. And truly does the value of a man's life consist in the abundance of the things he possesses. Every particle of information we get, every bit of knowledge we acquire, is new inspiration, it is new hope, it is new power; it takes the drudgery out of life; inspires the heart to do, and the soul to reach out and upward to things beyond. The education of the mind creates new hope, new power, new inspiration toward things yet unattained. It broadens the vision of man, unlocks for him the secret vaults where the wealth of ages past lie buried, and with prophetic finger points to visions of things to be.

The greatest education, however, is the education of the soul; the greatest life, the life of love. The divinest inspiration, the grandest truth is the brotherhood of man, the fatherhood of God. What was it that sustained the brave hand of George Washing-

ton, as he guided the tottering and blood-stained feet of the colonist through the very jaws of death, and laid the foundation of, not what was to be one of the greatest, but the very greatest nation of the world? What was it that inspired the mind of William E. Gladstone, and made him capable of speaking such words of wisdom, that the whole world, with one accord, turned an attentive ear that they might catch the last words of a man whose life had been spent in the service of the people? Whence came the strength that added new courage to the heart of Thomas Jonathan Jackson, when, with an immaculate arm he held his forces firmly against the advancing fire of the enemy at the famous battle of Bull Run, and gained from his commanding officer the title of Stonewall Jackson? For answer to such questions you have but to look upon the beauties and wonders of the Universe, and know that it was by communion with nature's God. Then turn, if you will, behold the mighty deep, and ask her whence came the power, knowledge and strength that inspired the souls of all those illustrious men who have been instrumentel in the furtherence of civilization. And before the deep can reply, the lightning, as if angered by the skepticism of man will take up the strain and flash it across the heavens that God, and God alone can bestow such power.

J. TILLEY LEWIS, '99.

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Since the last issue of the Collegian, the grim hand of death has claimed another member of the Board of Trustees of Millsaps college, Hon. Peter James, of Yazoo City, Miss. Mr. James was highly honored and respected by those who knew him, and his loss will be keenly felt. Besides being engaged in mercantile business and President of the Bank of Yazoo City, he was one of the largest cotton planters of the south. Many a poor young man and woman in this State and others are indebted to him for an education. Our hearts have been made sad by his untimely death.

On account of sickness of the editor the exchange department is omitted from this issue.

We have been observing with interest the liberality of the American people toward higher education during the year which has passed. Gifts amounting to the enormous sum of $24,000,000 have been given to higher education in the United States during the year of 1899. Of this amount Mrs. Stanford gave $15,000,000 to the Leland Stanford, Jr. University.

The Mississippi Legislature, just adjourned, was more liberal in their appropriations to education than any other in the history of our State. We are sorry that we cannot give exact figures; the State University received about $37,000; the Industrial Institute and College over $60,000; the Agricultural and Mechanical College an appropriation for the establishment of a textile school; Alcorn A. & M. a nice appropriation, and the common schools received an appropriation which should make the people of our State honor the men who have acted in the capacity of legislators. And besides all these appropriations named, the Mississippi Historial Society received $2000, which will greatly aid them in their work. The people of our state have at last realized the advantages of an education. They have at last realized that without an education wealth is absent. They have encouraged factories to come into our state, but who is to take charge of these factories? Our Agricultural and Mechanical College proposes to fit men to take charge of the cotton factory business and to have that technical knowledge as well as sound business sense which it takes to run successfully that business. This State through that channel which moulds the mind and character of men—education—should and will take her place in the foremost rank.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

The remarkable power of Miss Johnston's previous story, "Prisoners of Hope," is surpased in "To Have and to Hold." Indeed, novels can easily be counted which equal this in qualities that combine to produce a great work of fiction. The dramatic plot, the interest of the time, place and incidents in which the story moves; the historic figures which give it life and impress of truth; the swift moving scenes and the tremendous passions of the actors, all these make this novel of extraordinary power. Like "Prisoners of Hope", this is a story of the early years of Colonial Virginia, opening in 1621 with the arrival from England of a consignment of maidens to be sold to the colonists for wives, each being offered for 120 pounds of tobacco. Rolfe, who had married and buried Pocahontas, appears on the scene, but not as the hero. This is Captain Ralph Percy, by whom the story is told, a noble account of a series of highly damatic events and experiences, some caused by the colonists themselves; some by the London Company which controlled the colony; others by the Indians, who watched them jealously; and still others by unfriendly forces of Nature.

Over all the wild, stormy scenes, throughout the unfolding of this drama, Miss Johnston presides with the steadiness of Fate, and yet the touch, however firm, is always definite and fine.—From "*The Atlantic Monthly*"

"The Critic," in speaking of Mrs. Burnett's book, "In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim," says "the moral thesis is to the effect that the sins of the fathers ought not to be visited upon children." This is an amendment to the moral law which could probably be passed by popular vote. The story is a pretty love story, or better, it is an affectionate one, for there is a great deal of soft-heartedness in it besides that involved in the love of youth for maid. Indeed the love of Big Tom De Willoughby for the waif whom he has adopted is a much more satisfactory thing to contemplate than the average romance, while the whole souled fondness of Judge Robert Rutherford for his

Hamlin county neighbors, and the adoration of Uncle Matt for the last of "his famb'ly" are comforting in a degree. The reader who plunges into the novel will find himself in a soft, caressing atmosphere of the affections, and it is as true of the book as of Toms contracted quarters that "it is not possible to enter the place without feeling their warmth".

"Red Pottage" has met with the instantaneous recognition of the critics throughout the United States. Few works of fiction have met with such liberal and favorable praise. English critics have hailed Miss Chalmondeley's book as the greatest work of fiction since George Elliott's day. She has made a dignified, fresh and interesting addition to contemporary fiction. From first to last the book is thorough in the essential features of workmanship and alive with humanity. One feels that the characters are living, breathing personages who intrigue and suffer.

Those who have read Jerome K. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat" should be interested in his new book, "Three Men on a Bicycle". It is fully as original and witty as the former.

TWO DAMSELS.

Who is it sighs with downcast eyes,
Wears sable robes and says madamoiselle?
Keeps to her books, at boys ne'er looks?
'Tis a Belhaven College damsel.

Who cuts a dash on borrowed cash,
By every action says, I'm a swell?
Will chew and smoke, is always broke?
That is a Millsaps College dam(n) sel(l).

—"*Q. E. D. P. D. Q.*"

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

The Executive Committee of the Alumni Association as appointed at the meeting of the Association last Commencement has drafted a Constitution which will be presented for formal ratification at the next meeting.

After the graduation of the present Senior Class there will be fifty-one College Alumni and nearly as many graduates of the Law School, quite enough to organize and support a flourishing Association.

A temporary organization which had been intered into in 1897, was renewed at the Commencement of the college last June with a large number of Alumni present and taking part and provisions there, on that occasion, made for drafting a Constitution and forming a permanent organization.

To most of the Alumni, at least, it is pleasant to feel that there are other bonds than those merely of sentiment between us and our College, and to all of us it is a pleasure to meet now and then, our friends and class-mates of former years and to talk over things that happened during our life at college.

R. E. Bennett, who was in college the early part of the session but was called home by business affairs has been appointed Superintendent of Education of Franklin County.

Two other Millsaps men are County Superintendents: A. J. McCarmick '96 was lately appointed Superintendent of Coahoma County and Lee Miles who was here in '96 and '97 holds the same office in Scott County.

The Alumni Editor wishes, in this connection to ask the Alumni and all who have been students of Millsaps to help him to make his department interesting by sending to him items about themselves or other students. The Editor knows from experience what a pleasure it is to hear where the men whom he has known in college are and what

they are doing and to many of us the *Colllegian* is the principal means of keeping up with the college men.

C. S. Thames who was in college in '94-'96, and is now practicing law in Mayersville, was in Jackson several days ago.

D. G. McLaurin, '97, is in Chicago where he is preparing himself for the work of the Y. M. C. A. Secretaryship. He will finish his course at the Association Training School this year.

S. L. Field here in '98 '99, is now a student at the University of Mississippi. M. H. Brown is also as tudent there.

S. G. Green, '97, is a medical student '97 the medical school of Columbia University in New York City and completes his course this year.

A. G. Hilzim, '98, holds a responsible position with one of the leading wholesale houses of Jackson.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

Our Association is trying to work up a larger delegation to attend the Convention.

Mr. L. E. Buell, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., spent Feb. 24-25 at the College. He had been to most of the Associations in the State and found the work in a prosperous condition.

At the first business meeting the following were appointed as chairmen of committees: T. M. Lemly, for Bible Study; L. W. Felder, for devotional; B. E. Eaton, for hand book; L. F. Magruder, for membership; R. A. Clark, for missions; R. P. Neblett, for fall campaign.

The State Convention will be held at Natchez April 5-8. Much preparation is being made to make it a success. Many of the most enthusiastic Association workers will be there, and some will deliver addresses. Among the latter will be, Rev. Beverly Warner, D. D., of New Orleans; Mr. Cecil L. Gater, Field Secretary; Mr. H. M. McIlhany, Jr., College Secretary; and Ex-Governor Northen, of Atlanta.

During March 3-4 we had the pleasure of having with us Dr. C. W. Ottley, of Atlanta. He is traveling in the interest of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. While here he delivered addresses to the Association on "The Medical Profession in Heathen Countries," and "To Determine One's Life Work and When it Will Count for the Most". The meetings were largely attended and enjoyed very much.

AFTER MATH.

O, Happy class of Freshmen,
A smile on every face,
No care have you, your sorrow's o'er,
And joy is in its place.

With a merry laugh you quickly rush
From the room on the second floor,
From the room where many a Freshman "busts",
From the room of Doctor Moore.

And tho' you're sad all through the day,
And your face is long and gloomy,
Yet, after four when the lesson's said,
Your gladness makes you "looney".

Ah, Freshie dear, I know your woes,
And the trials in your path,
And I know the joy that comes at four,
Each P. M. after "Math."

—"*Milton Antonio, 1900.*"

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

W. F. Cook has returned to college.

H. R. Enochs attended Mardi Gras at Natchez.

W. O. Tatum is at home "getting well" of measles.

"Pete" Clark spent several days at home last week.

Dr. Murrah went to Yazoo City to attend the funeral of Mr. James.

Messrs. Teat and Guice went to Yazoo City to the funeral of Mr. James.

A. W. Fridge, a former student of the college, visited his brother a few weeks ago.

Mr. J. A. Sproles spent Saturday with us. We are always glad to see "Tot".

Mr. Robert Kemp, a former student of Millsaps College, passed through Jackson Saturday.

E. H. Galloway, John Holloman, W. W. Holmes and L. F. Magruder went down to Carnival at New Orleans.

R. D. Clark is back at school after a week or more at home. We are glad to report "Dick" fully recovered.

T. W. Holloman '1900, after fighting measles, has been "tripping" around recuperating. We wonder where "Wynn" will go next.

The "Art Reception" given by the Art Department of Belhaven College, on last Saturday, was largely attended, and was pronounced by all to be a great success. This department is under the able management of Miss Bessie Lemly of Jackson, Miss.

The Law Department of the College has recently reorganized as the "Edward Mayes Law Club," by the election of J. A. Teat, president; E. L. Dabney, vice president; F. M. Bailey, secretary, and is holding its weekly "Moot Courts". We are very glad to say that this department is moving on very nicely with about twenty-five students. While we readily grant that the class has excellent ability in it, we hardiy think that because they have been so attentive during the session of the supreme court, that they should be questioning themselves as to which one the Governor should offer the "ermine.'

H. S. Stevens '95, Atty-at-Law at Hattiesburg, Miss., paid us a visit last week. Mr. Stevens was in Jackson on business before the Supreme Court.

T. W. Holloman and J. B. Mitchell have been appointed to represent the college in the Inter-Collegiate contest. Look out for both prizes.

T. W. Holloman, and W. W. Holmes have been appointed to represent the college at Crystal Springs Chautauqua, in the Oratorical contest.

G. Fitzgerald, an old student of the College, was with us a day last week. "Fitz" is employed in the cotton business in Yazoo City.

S. L. Burwell has been laid up for several days, suffering with an attack of "Grippe". We hope to see him out in a few days.

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THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. 2 JACKSON, MISS., APRIL, 1900 No. 12

The Story of Blennerhassett.

By Bishop Charles B. Galloway.

THE story of Harman Blennerhassett, seldom told and almost forgotten, has a strange fascination. It possesses a weird mingling of romance and tragedy. Connected with the earlier years of this eventful century, it forms one of the most thrilling and suggestive chapters of our national history. In the case of Blennerhassett the extremes of human condition came together. Honesty and intrigue, patriotism and suspected treason, virtue and frailty, success and failure, plenty and penury, and all the other antitheses known to a possible human history, all found a place in his pathetic experience. From a mansion of splendor he became a homeless wanderer, dependent upon a maiden sister for shelter and a comfortable bed upon which to die. A man of high, if not royal, blood, the embodiment of elegance and learning, courted and admired, he found himself friendless, with no one to extend a hand, much less solicit the patronage of his name. The wealthiest and most cultured citizen of his section, consulted by statesmen, visited by scholars, and sought after by the rich and fashionable, he was suspected of intrigue, charged with aiding rebellion, subjected to a trial for treason, and utterly ruined in fortune.

His name is, unfortunately but indissolubly, connected with Aaron Burr, the most brilliant and "romantic wrong-doer" in American history. And while he must be considered a victim, doubtless, of the artful diplomacy and

cunning craftiness of that ambitious and unscrupulous traitor, the shadows will forever linger around an otherwise fair fame. The story of his fall is the moral of many another life—a false friend.

Harman Blennerhassett was of the Irish gentry, and came of a family of great wealth. He was born, however, in Hampshire, England, when his parents were on a visit there in 1767. He was educated at Westminster School and at Trinity College, Dublin, from which he was graduated with great distinction. Having determined to enter the legal profession, he matriculated in the King's Inn at the Michaelmas term, 1790, and at the age of twenty-five became a barrister.

But before actively beginning the practice of his profession the handsome and accomplished young barrister decided to spend some time in foreign travel Accompanied by a special friend he went to the Continent, devoting much of his time to beautiful France and its brilliant capital. It was then in the throes of revolution, and every day saw some startling or tragic incident. Indeed all Europe was disturbed. Every throne was unsteady and every crowned head uneasy. The young lawyer from Ireland was a serious student of the swiftly changing conditions, and then probably formed the purpose that changed the current of his romantic life.

Though the excitement and honors of a political career offered many attractions, he preferred the quieter paths of literature and learned leisure. And in order to follow this cherished desire, he determined to find a home in America, far away from the strife and turmoil of European and English politics. He accordingly disposed of his large estate to his relative, afterward known as Baron Vinton, and made preparation for leaving the dear old home of his fathers and the beautiful shores of his beloved Ireland.

One feature of that preparation was to marry Miss Agnew, daughter of the lieutenant-governor of the Isle of

Man, and granddaughter of the general of the same name who fell at the battle of Germantown. She was fascinated with the wealthy and accomplished young lawyer, and listened with delight to his stories of the western world where he proposed to plant a paradise. Never were two young hearts more perfectly united, and throughout their strangely checkered career the ardent devotion of one to the other suffered not a moment's abatement.

Before leaving London the young scholar purchased a well-selected philosophical and scientific library, and a number of scientific instruments. The bride and groom reached New York in the spring of 1797, and, after some months of inquiry, proceeded westward, arriving in Marietta, Ohio, in the early fall, having stopped for a few weeks in Pittsburg. Here they spent the winter diligently studying the country, and making selection of a site for that promised paradise. In the spring they purchased a rarely beautiful island in the Ohio river, a few miles below the mouth of the Little Kanawha, and near the present city of Parkersburg, West Virginia. The purchase price was $4,500. Slaves were bought, fields were cleared, landscape gardeners employed, a magnificent mansion erected, and Blennerhassett Island soon looked like a veritable dream of beauty. The improvements and adornments cost the happy young couple about $60,000, at that time a sum worthy of an heir to a throne. The house was two stories, with two long wings, and furnished in exquisite taste. In the handsome library, filled with books and scientific instruments, the learned lord of the manor found his greatest delight.

Mrs. Blennerhassett was singularly attractive, "well-proportioned, and beautifully symmetrical," and had the charming manners associated with gentle birth and genuine culture. She had extensive acquaintance with the best English literature, wrote and spoke French and Italian fluently, and had unusual histrionic talent. A superb horsewoman, she was worthy to ride beside the

most gallant knight of the middle ages. Here, in that mansion of luxury and home of happiness and culture, the young couple lived for eight blissful years. Blennerhassett Island was the pride and wonder of the West. Such was the ideal home of this accomplished man of leisure when Aaron Burr, ex-Vice-President of the United States, appeared upon the scene. Some additional touches to this picture of Blennerhassett and his island home may be given by a liberal extract from the rather gorgeous description of William Wirt, in his speech at the trial of Burr at Richmond:

"A shrubbery which Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him; music that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his; an extensive library spreads its treasures before him; a philosophical apparatus offers to him all the mysteries and secrets of nature; peace, tranquility, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him; and, to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife who is said to be lovely, even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, has blessed him with her love, and made him the father of her children. The *evidence* would convince you that this is only a faint picture of real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, this tranquility, this feast of mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes; he comes to turn this paradise into a hell; yet the flowers do not wither at his approach, and no monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor, warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civility by the high rank he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not a difficult one. Innocence is ever simple and credulous; conscious of no designs itself, it expects none in others; every door and portal of the heart

are thrown open, and all who choose it, enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner (Burr) in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpracticed heart of Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affections. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition; he breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor panting for all the storms and bustle and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delights relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his tastes. His books are abandoned; his retort and crucible thrown aside; his shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain, he likes it not; his ear no longer drinks the melody of music, it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul; his imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, and stars, and garters, and titles to nobility; he has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of Cromwell, Cæsar, and Bonaparte."

Just what specifically was the ambitious scheme of Aaron Burr, the world will probably never know. Whether it was to establish a kingdom in Mexico, with himself on the throne, or to effect the dismemberment of the Union, with the Southwest as an independent republic, or to amass a vast fortune by the colonizing of lands on the Ouachita, will possibly remain one of the secrets of the silent grave. But it is probable that no dark or treasonable design controlled Blennerhassett in his consent to join the ill-fated enterprise. He was evidently a man of confiding, unsuspecting disposition, easily deceived by the plausible speech of so accomplished a diplomat as Aaron Burr. His home became the gathering-place of the leaders. He mortgaged his beautiful estate to raise money for the movement—an act which involved the

wreck of his fortune and the ruin of his life. That was the beginning of disasters which followed each other with the rapidity of a drama. When Comfort Tyler reached the island, Blennerhassett had become discouraged and was on the point of abandoning the project, but was urged forward by the persuasive eloquence of his wife, who possessed much of the spirit of adventure, and was potential in all the councils of the daring schemers. The treasonable purpose of the movement was soon suspected, and the government authorities were eagerly watching for a pretext to arrest the leaders and seize their boats and stores. This led to their precipitate departure under cover of night. They joined Burr at the mouth of the Cumberland river. The flotilla consisted of twelve boats —*four* under command of Comfort Tyler, *two* under Burr, *two* under Floyd, *two* under Ellis, *one* under Blennerhassett, and a commissary boat under Dean.

Such a formidable-looking armada created the wildest apprehension. Messengers were dispatched by land, who traveled faster than the boats could float, and, by the time the lower Mississippi was reached, the territoral authorities were ready, if necessary, for a hostile reception. With Burr's arrest, escape, recapture, trial, and acquittal it is not the purpose of this paper to deal.

The Blennerhassett mansion was looted by the Wood county militia, the well-stored wine-cellar, unfortunately furnished food for the fires of passion and plunder. Mrs. Blennerhassett at once left the island home where for eight years she had lived and reigned. With her two little children she took passage on a boat and floated down the river in search of her husband. Early in January she joined him at the mouth of the Bayou Pierre, and most affecting was the meeting.

While Burr, Blennerhassett, and their associates were under arrest and arraignment before the District Court of the Mississippi Territory, in the town of Washington, Mrs. Blennerhassett found a home and friends in Natchez,

six miles away. Burr made his escape, but was captured near the present city of Mobile, and was afterwards tried before the United States Court, in Richmond, Virginia, Chief Justice Marshall presiding. Blennerhassett was discharged from custody, no proof of treason being found against him, and remained in Natchez until the month of June. Leaving his wife and children among newly found friends, he then started north on horseback to look after his property interests in Ohio, and, if possible, gather up the wreck of his once princely fortune.

The family received distinguished attentions from the leading citizens of the Mississippi Territory. In their correspondence during Blennerhassett's absence, generous reference is made to the hospitalities extended and courtesies shown by their Natchez neighbors. In one letter to his wife, he says: "I trust you will soon accustom yourself to the free enjoyment of all the hospitable kindness and attention that will be tendered to you from Natchez to Bayou Sara; this is one of my best hopes, as I fear not we shall be able to find opportunities hereafter to requite the goodness of our friends." He speaks gratefully of the Scotts and others, and of his special friend "Harding, as the memorable center of your comfort and protection during my absence."

Mrs. Blennerhassett philosophically found comfort in their new situation. She said: "I am perfectly satisfied that this climate, in summer as well as winter, is in every way more desirable than the one I left in Ohio." She gave direction about bringing vegetable and other seed, and added: "If Peter Taylor, the gardener of Blennerhassett, comes, he must bring every flowering shrub he can move, or you can find room for." That she was a practical housewife, as well as accomplished in literature, is evident from the following: "I left a pair of wafer (not waffle) irons in the kitchen, which I wish to have again, if possible. Should it be convenient to send my side-saddle by safe hands, before you come yourself, I hope you will do so, as perhaps I may need it, though I have, at present, more carriages at my service than I can possibly use."

The house occupied by the family while in Natchez was still standing until a few years ago, when it gave place to a more modern and beautiful structure. Like all the old Spanish residences built in Natchez in the early days,

it was two and a half stories high, the first of brick, the others of frame, and stood right on the street.

Blennerhassett reached the island, once so fair to the eye of beauty, only to look upon a scene of desolation, and to greet officers of the law who had warrants for his arrest and orders to convey him safely to Richmond for trial. To Richmond he went, and for some weeks was lodged in the jail. The acquittal of Burr was followed by the dismissal of the charges against Blennerhassett. But release from the criminal law did not deliver him from civil procedure and the burdensome mortgages which Burr left him to suffer alone. His island estate was sold by the sheriff—the tribute of his folly to the treachery of a fascinating villain.

Bereft of fortune, deserted by friends, and robbed of his beautiful home, he resolved to remove to Mississippi and become a cotton planter. The fertility of the soil, the great success achieved by many in raising cotton with slave labor, induced him to think of that as the surest and speediest way of recuperating his shattered fortune. So, gathering up the wreck of his estate, he purchased a number of slaves and a thousand acres of land in Claiborne county, not far from the town of Port Gibson, and built there a home which he called "La Cache." Here he was a respected citizen but an unsuccessful planter. The journals of that early day represent him as taking a prominent part in political and public councils, but he never mastered the science of cotton culture. And to add to his other disasters, he and his son Dominick became involved in a personal difficulty with one John Hays, which resulted in his utter financial ruin.

Leaving the South, he removed to Montreal, and sought through the governor-general of Canada—an old friend of his—a judicial position in that country. But his efforts were fruitless, and every star of hope seem to have forsaken his sky.

All efforts failing to secure him a judgeship in Canada, he recrossed the sea in the forlorn hope of recovering some supposed interest in the estate of a deceased relative in England. How desperately a poverty-stricken representative of the gentry clings to the attentuated thread of an imaginary claim to some English kinsman's estate! It is hardly necessary to say that he failed in this enterprise. He then turned his despairing thought to the securing of some position in the civil service, for he was

willing to accept anything to keep the wolf from his door. So, as he had blood-relationship with the Duke of Wellington, he applied to his nephew, the Marquis of Wellesley, to assist him by giving the patronage of his great name to his petition. The following is a pathetic passage from his letter to the marquis:

COTTAGE CRESCENT, }
BATH, November 3, 1825. }

* * *

"I am of the Irish bar since 1790; left it for America in 1795, where I have resided until I finally returned, last year, from Canada, to lay claim, at the solicitation of friends, to certain estates of the late Dean Harman. * * * * * * The failure of this enterprise consequent upon a long train of adverse circumstances, now reduces me to resort to the forlorn hope of praying your Excellency to locate me in any civil position in Ireland, the stipend whereof may enable me to support a family in a state above penury."

But this, like all his other plaintive pleas, found no responsive ear. And to increase the agony of his breaking heart, his sons were dissipated and worthless.

After a residence of three years at St. Aubin, he removed to the Island of Guernsey, where his sister Avis had an estate. There, at Port Pierre, he suffered a second and third attack of paralysis, and on the first of February, 1831, sank to rest, in the sixty-third year of his age. He died with his aching head in the hands of his heroic wife, who, for thirty-five years, had never faltered in her devotion to the man who was more than all the world to her womanly heart.

The desolate widow, long acquainted with grief, having no special ties to bind her to England, and with llittle earthly hope remaining, after a time returned to America to watch over the pitiable wreck of a dissolute son. There is a sustaining power in sorrow. A widow, and worse than childless, this woman of once dazzling beauty sat among the tombs of her buried hopes and ambitions, only kept alive by the care she bestowed upon the occasion of grief.

In 1842 Mrs. Blennerhassett presented a petition to Congress for damages to her beautiful island home by the military authorities. Robert Emmett, son of Thomas Addis Emmett, and nephew of the celebrated Irish patriot, nobly interested himself in behalf of this unfortunate

woman and her just claim. In forwarding her memorial to Hon. Henry Clay, then a United States senator, and at one time counsel for Harman Blennerhassett, Mr. Emmett said:

"Mrs. Blennerhassett is now in this (New York) city, residing in very humble circumstances, bestowing her cares on a son, who, by long poverty and sickness, is reduced to utter imbecility, both of body and mind; unable to assist her or provide for his own wants. In her present destitute situation the smallest amount of relief would be thankfully received by her. Her condition is one of *absolute want,* and she has but a short time left to enjoy any better fortune in this world."

Mr. Clay presented the petition, and urged its speedy payment with all his powerful influence and splendid eloquence. The committee reported favorably, and said that a refusal to pay the claim "would be unworthy a wise or just nation." The lapse of thirty-six years had not absolved and does not absolve the nation from a just obligation. But the measure never passed, and the relief never came. Before action could be had, death had rendered its passage unnecessary. Of that closing scene her biographer tenderly says:

"No soothing hand of a relative fanned her fevered temples, nor wiped from her brow the chilly dews of expiring nature. Within that lonely chamber, it was reserved to strangers to witness the last sad scenes. She who had been born in affluence; to whom the world appeared in early life as Paradise before the fall; who had been honored by the attentions of the great and the praise of the humble; whose heart was ever open to the cries of distress, and whose hands were ever ready to relieve the wants of the needy, had, in her turn, to ask the charities of the world."

Thus ends a strangely tragic story. The island in the Ohio still wears its summer sheen of glorious verdure, but is no longer the haunt of wealth and beauty, as in the years when this century was young. The mansion, accidentally burned in 1811, was never rebuilt. The place is still known as Blennerhassett Island, and the neighbors repeat with pride and interest the romantic stories that linger about every historic spot. The waters of the great river, as they flow by, seem to soften their murmurs as if in mournful memory of the paradise the Blennerhassetts found and lost on that fair island.—*The American Illustrated Methodist Magazine.*

* * * TIM. * * *

SON," said Farmer Hale, at the supper table, "be sure an' go to bed early tonight so you can wake up early in the mornin'. Your ma's got some chickens she wants me to carry to town and sell, and I've got a little bizness there myself."

"Alright, papa," answered Tim; "and I'm so glad you're going to town, for there's a book in Mr. Ralph's store I've been wanting a long time. Will you get it for me this morning? It is the 'Life of Mahomet,' by Washington Irving."

"Why, son, I wanted you to go with me. Get ready early, so we can start by sun up."

"Alright, sir; goodnight, papa; goodnight, mamma."

Tim ran up to his little room, sat down by a table whereon lay several well-worn and well-read volumes, and was soon deep in the life of Napoleon, eagerly following that great soldier over the Alps. His genius and success: almost took the boy's breath, and he said to himself "Whew! what would papa and mama say if I were to do something like that? Wouldn't they be proud though." The boy read till his head drooped like a sleepy sunflower when the sun is set, then carefully marked his place, and went to bed.

He jumped up before daylight, quickly dressed, and ran out to feed the horses. He ran back into the house just in time to get a cup of his mother's delicious, steaming coffee. After the little family had finished the morning meal, Tim ran out and harnessed the horses to his father's new wagon, put in the comfortable spring seat, and drove out into the road. His mother brought out a coop of nice, plump chickens, ready for the frying pan, and put it in the back of the wagon. After kissing them goodby, and bidding them start back early, she returned to her work. Mr. Hale sprang into the seat beside his son, and they started to town. It was a splendid spring morning, with just mist enough to soften the rough outlines of the rail

fence, and to moisten the tongues of the melodious songsters of the woods. As they drove along they saw their neighbors going out to the field, riding their horses with the plow-gear jingling, a sound sweet to every farmer's ear. A little while before noon they entered the town and drove up to the residence of John Storey, a merchant of the place- After dinner, all three sat in front, Mr. Hale and his host to enjoy that lazy, contented conversation which always follows a midday meal, and Tim to drink it all in silently. The men talked of many things; of the crops, and the probable price of cotton; of politics, who would probably succeed Judge Wright, who was too old to run for congress again; of religion, (both men were good Christians.)

They became so interested that it was very late when Mr. Hale started home. When they were fairly on their way, Mr. Hale relaxed the lines, held them loosely in one hand, and began slowly: "Son, did you get your book?" "Yes, sir. I ran to the store just before dinner." "Well, son, this is the last night you'll spend with me and your ma in a long time. I reckon you're right glad you're goin' off to school tomorrow, ain't you?" "Papa, I'm mighty sorry to leave you and mama, but I'm glad I'm going to school. I've wanted to go off to school a long time." "Yes, son, I know that, and I'm glad you're able to go. But you don't know how much me and your ma love you, bein' the one only child we've got, and it's powerful hard to part with you. Yo've been so good to us, it seems like you orter stay with us always. But I've always wanted to send you to school so you could learn and be a smart man. Me nor your ma neither one didn't have any education much, so we've worked hard so as to have somethin' to send you off to school with. So we're going to send you off to Hebron to school tomorrow. I know it ain't no use to tell you to study, for if there's a boy I know that does love to study, it's you. But, son, I'm afraid you'll have a good deal o' trouble, bein' away from us the first time in your life. There'll be lots of things to bother you, that you did not have at home. There'll be boys that laugh at you, maybe, but just be sure to do right and then if anybody laughs at you, you can laugh too. And, son, don't forget to read your Bible every day and pray, too, for them you

don't like as well as them you do like. Don't ever get to bein' jealous, whatever you do. Jest do your honest best, and then if anybody beats you, try an' do better next time. It don't do no good to be jealous, for it makes people sour and bad humored. An' do jest like the good men you know. Just look at Hiram Williams. He's had bad luck for four years with his crop, though he's worked hard every year, and still you can see him in the field at sunup, and hear him whistling, like his heart wuzlight as a bird's. He don't stop long enough to think about bad luck. He's jest as cheerful as he can be. An' look at Mr. Storey. If he wuz like most people, he would be stuck-up, an' would not have nothing to do with us farmers. But, instead o' that, he makes me go to dinner with him every time I come to town, even when I've got my everyday clothes on. An' he does everybody that way. An' he's not stingy a bit, neither, for he gives more to the church than any other man. An' look at old Jerry. He's had rheumatism twenty years, and hasn't been able to get off'n his bed, and still he lies there singin' just like he was strong and hearty as I am. An' he's that way all the time. He ain't quarrelin' because he's afflicted. He says he's thankful he's livin', so he can see the cows comin' up in the evenin'. An' when he's able he helps his wife with the vegetables, strings the beans, shucks the ros'n ears, an' all like that. That's the way I want you to be. Just be contented an' be a good, honest boy, and you'l come out all right."

"Yes, papa, I'm going to do my best out there to be a good boy; but I know it'll be hard, and I want you and mama to write to me, and pray for me, for I dread to leave home and folks. It seems like I can't stand it, but I'm going to do my duty even if it is hard on me. And I know it's better for me to go off to school, for I'll have better teachers, and I'll learn more."

By this time it was very late in the night. A soft breeze was driving the clouds across the moon, making them chase each other across the sky. The whippoorwills were pouring their quavering song into the ear of night. The old farmer hurried his horses forward into a swift trot, and thoughtfully asked, "My boy, have you got your clothes packed?" Tim did not reply, and his father perceived thrt he was asleep. "Poor boy," he said to himself; "he's plum wore out! Jest to think of it! Goin' to leave us! It nearly bout kills me to give him up. Every night he comes and kisses me and his ma goodnight, jest like he

used to do when he wuz a baby. An' he's been so useful on the farm, I don't see how I'm goin' to do without him. But it's best for him. He'll have so much to read, and I never did see a boy that likes to read as well as he does. Jest as soon as we go home to dinner he gets his book and reads till the bell rings, and when we take out in the evening, he runs for his book. An' he deserves all I can do for him. He's worked hard ever since he could pick up a hoe, and helped me make a livin' for us. Well, it does grieve me like everything to part with him, but it's best for him an' I'm goin' to do it:"

The affectionate old man drove faster, while he held his arm about the boy to keep him from falling. At last he saw the lights in his little cottage, and a little later was at the gate, calling to his wife to bring a candle to find the purchases he had made for her. Then he shook his son and said loudly: "We're home, boy; wake up." But Tim did not stir. His mother held the light near his face and burst out crying. Tim would not go away tomorrow. He had grown weary and was gone home. H. O. WHITE.

Puella.

Puer et puella
Meet upon the street,
Puer hold umbrella
'Oer puella neat.

Then ea est puella
Looks with much disdain
Upon the gallant puer
Walking in the rain.

Gallant puer dixit
To puella sweet;
Is to fate possumus
In the rain we meet.

Et to this puella
Non verbum replied:
Puer et umbrella
Ex the street then hied.

No more now est puer
Found upon the street
Holding his umbrella
'Oer puella neat.

Squire Dames

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Millsaps will be represented in the Mississippi Oratorical Association this year by Messrs. J. B. Mitchel and T. W. Holloman. Both of these gentlemen are regarded as very strong speakers, and the college expects that they will reflect great credit upon her and upon themselves.

We learn with delight that Dr. E. E. Hoss, of Nashville, editor of the Nashville Christian Advocate, is to preach our commencement sermon. Dr. Hoss is regarded as possibly the most scholarly man in the Southern Methodist church and its ablest editor. He is not unknown to the Millsaps College Chapel, having delivered the literary address at our first commencement. He will receive a most cordial welcome.

As the college year grows shorter and the time for commencement and the meeting of the trustees of our institution draws near, we hear the question frequently asked, will we have intercollegiate games next session, do you suppose that the board of trustees will allow foot-ball, baseball and tennis games with our sister colleges next year? The question cannot be answered, but the sentiment among the students of the college is that it should be allowed. Looking over the records of other institutions it can be shown that the patronage of these was largely increased when inter-collegiate games were allowed. Athletics is a drawing card for a school and we do not wonder that this is the case. When a young man looks around for a college which he wishes to attend he will naturally select the one from which he can derive the most benefit. Along with the soul and mind the body must be trained. He can develop the body upon the gridiron and the baseball diamond, combining pleasure with duty. By making a requirement that the students who represent the college in the inter-collegiate contests shall make above a certain grade in their classes, the old argument that these sports prevent proper study and application to text-books is overthrown. Those students who have been graduated from this institution, those who leave her classics walls this year, and a large majority of the whole student body, realizing that Millsaps College would be greatly benefitted by such a step, that the school would be advertised by allowing these games, that the number of students would be greatly increased, sincerely hope that the board of trustees of this institution will grant us the privilege which we desire.

Vicksburg seems to be the place most desired for the holding of the State Oratorical contest. It is conveniently situated for Millsaps and Mississippi colleges and also for the University and the A. and M. college. By all means have the contest in Vicksburg.

The last number of the Collegian which will be issued the early part of June will be the best in the history of the magazine. We propose to have pictures of all the classes and the faculty and of the college buildings. We hope that the students will help the Collegian staff to make this issue a grand success. A college is greatly helped by its publications; the men she graduates help her most and then the college magazine. If the students of our college would only realize this fact, the *Collegian* would be made much more attractive.

New "National Hymn."

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of pensions free—
  Of thee I sing!
Land where war told the tale;
Land where the beef was stale;
Land where war-generals rail
  Like everything.

O hear me rise and shout:
"Thank heaven, I'm mustered out!"
  (That's what I sing!)
Fighting on sea and shore
Ever for me is o'er;
Bullets and beef no more—
  (That's what I sing!)

—*Q. A. K.*

A Happy Little Mississippi Darkey.

Yer may talk er 'bout de eatin' dat de great men take,
Yer may talk er 'bout de 'lasses, de honey, an' de cake;
Yer may talk er 'bout it all, but den what's de use?
Fer dar aint nuthin' sweeter den de watermelin juice.

—*K. Q. K.*

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

"Mademoiselle Blanche," by John D. Barry, is one of those good books, says "The Critic," which does not immediately make its way, takes a second and more vigorous start, ultimately reaching the position it deserves. It will be remembered that the sturdy growth of "Peter Stirlings" popularity was long in sprouting, and it looks as if "Mademoiselle Blanche" might be another of those hardy plants having a gradual developement.

***

Some time after Mr. Jas. Lane Allen's work of fiction, "The Choir Invisible," was published we announced that he was engaged on a new novel to be entitled, "The Mettle of the Pasture," a vigorous title of Shakespearian suggestion for a work treating of the yoemen of old England, who had planted their sturdy roots in Kentuckian soil. But while engaged in this novel, Mr. Allen was attracted to a subject that had long lain in his mind, and which now returned to him with an insistence that was not to be resisted. The dream of those embued with high intelectual and religious ideals in Kentucky was to plant a university in the state. This was at length realized in the Transylvania University, only to be destroyed, and to pass away forever through the internecine strife of religious sectarianism. Mr. Allen as a young man entered the university and was a participant in its tragic career. Those conditions, form background and produce characters which figure in his new tale to be published shortly by the McMillan company. It is entitled "The Reign of Law, or A Story of the Kentucky Hempfields." The trend of the book and the religious crisis through which David, its hero, passes, are indicated in the title, but David has a passionate love story as well, which plays an important part in the developement of his character. One critic who has read the story declares it to contain by far the finest and noblest work Mr. Allen has yet done, and no whit deficient in that beauty of human passion and interest which characterises his former work, and which has given him an accredited place with the foremost living authors. *The Bookman.*

Some writers achieve fame with their first novel, some with their second, some with their last, and others there are who do not achieve it at all. Miss Mary Chalmondeley made a reputation for herself as the author of "Diana Tempest," but it remained for "Red Pottage" to bring her fame. The fortunate thing about the fame that comes from writing books is, that not only the book that gives it sells, but the sales of others that were written before is stimulated by it. Messrs. Appleton are publishing a new editon of "Dianna Tempest," in which is printed a short sketch of Miss Cholmondeley, together with her portrait and a picture of the house in which she was born, which, by the way, was the home of Bishop Heber, who was her great-uncle. "Dianna Tempest" was Miss Cholmondeley's third book, and it is said it took her three and a half years to write it. Her first story was published anonymously in *The Graphic* when she was nineteen years old. *The Critic.*

***

Mr. A. Hope Hawkins (Anthony Hope) has been elected chairman of the English Authors Society for 1900. At present he is at work on a new novel "Tristam of Blent" which will appear in one of the leading magazines.

***

"When Knighthood was in Flower" has been dramatized by Henry Guy Carleton. The work is said to be satisfactory to both Miss Marlowe, the actress, and Mr. Major, the author.

***

According to Library reports "To Have and to Hold" was the most widely read novel during the month of March.

Back street,
Banana peel,
Fat man,
Virginia reel.

Freshman.—"Comedy of Errors."
Sophomore.—"Much Ado About Nothing."
Junior—"As You Like It."
Senior—"All's Well That Ends Well."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

The *Howard Magazine* has several good articles. The one on "Alabame" is full of the right spirit and the essay on Hamlet is especially good.

Among the large number of exchanges we find many growing better as spring comes on. We hope that this improvement will become general.

In the *Whitworth Cliaman* the criticism of the Godfly is above the average college criticism. "Among the Cats" is a good story and "Kisses" is at least amusing. This is the best issue of the paper this session.

The *Emory Phoenix* has, as usual, much good matter. We like the idea of a Class Day Number. The spirit of the exercises shows that there is plenty of class enthusiasm at Emory.

In the *University of Mississippi Magazine* the article "Should Students take part in College Government" is thoughtful and timely. The subject is one of very great importance to all of our colleges which have not settled it. "Whitby and Winchester" is interesting and instructive. We are glad to note that the *Magazine* is now firmly established and that a good constitution has been adopted. We are striving to put our own monthly on some such footing and we wish the *Magazine* only succes.

In the *Emory and Henry Era* there is a good article on Co-education. The writer shows that the means, purposes, and objects of educating boys are also applicable to girls. Gils and boys are associated in the early home training, in the primary schools and the higher schools. This association has always proven the best thing for both. Then why not have co-education in our colleges? The author shows that wherever it has been tried it has met with splendid results. We are glad to see this article and hope our southern people will soon come to see the real worth of co-education. In the same magazine the story "Tom and I" is well written and the essay on Sydney Carton is good.

In our own state we find in the *Mississsippi College Magazine* a fine article on "Loyalty to Mississippi." The author reviews the history of the state from an industrial standpoint, tells of its triumph in literature, its great strides in the field of education, and its religious development. He shows the high ideals of her statesmanship and the high character of her bar, and pays an eloquent tribute to the memory of her great son, the greatest of American orators, Sargent S. Prentiss. The article is brimming with patriotism and should be an inspiration to all who read it. We wish to quote one paragraph: "Land of romance and of mystery, home of the mighty nations of the Natchez Indians who worshipped the sun and offered up human sacrifices; land made sacred by the blood of patriots poured out like water upon her battered hills and beside rivers flowing through dense and dark forests, land ennobled by having cradled some of the most magnificent statesmen, matchless orators, and noblest women of this continent—this is Mississippi."

In the *Hendrix College Mirror* the beautiful poem "Lost Love, Lost Life" is far above the average college magazine poetry. It, together with a well written and thoughtful criticism of Iago, puts the issue on a high plane. The article on "The Late Paece Movement" is also fullof good thought and the best of sentiment.

Clippings.

I knew an absent minded man—
A man of wealth was he—
Who in his yacht took a pleasure trip,
With a jolly company.
But not remembering where he was—
Such an absent mind had he—
He walked right off his pleasure yacht
And fell into the sea.

Now everyone thought he could swim,
And watched him longingly.
But lo! he sinks once, twice. They cry:
"Lower the boat quickly."
But when about to sink for good,
He struck out with a vim
For the distant yacht, with sure swift stroke—
He'd forgotten that he could swim.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

The membership committee is still at work and new members are added to the roll at each meeting.

The missionary study class has been reorganized with twenty members and Mr. J. F. McCafferty as teacher.

We hope soon to have out the hand book. The committee has started work on it. The fall campaign committee has commenced on its work.

We ask the prayers of all our friends for the success of the revival which is to commence here April 22. Rev. H. H. of New Orleans will conduct it.

At the last business meeting Messrs. Clark, Felder, Guice, Lemly, Trigg, Magruder, Simpson, and Bennett were elected delegates to the state convention at Natchez.

The Bible work is improving and number of those studying is increasing. Some of the boys keep the morning watch. No doubt if more did this, the Bible classes would increase in number.

The devotional committee has made some changes in its work. At the beginning of each month they meet and make out a program for the month. The song service Sunday night, March 25, was enjoyed by all present.

The ways and means committee has recently bought lace curtains which will be hung soon. Each member of the Association cannot but feel proud of our hall, but we should not stop until it is completely furnished.

Let each member remember that the summer conference will be held again at Ashville, N. C., June 15-24, and that we wish to send delegates to this conference. Whom shall we send?

Mr. Hugh M. McHaney, of Staunton, Va., spent April 2-4 with us. He is college secretary of the Associations in the Southern colleges. He seems to be very much impressed with the work, and says it is, as a whole, better than last year. Many of the colleges have had revivals which were quite successful.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

Mr. W. T. Clark, '00, visited Yazoo City a few days ago. I wonder why?

One would judge from the above that the senior class had an eye open.

Mr. M. A. Chambers, '00, has been visiting parents(?) and friends in Brookhaven for several days past.

Last week Mr. J. B. Mitchell, '00, went to Macon to fill an appointment. He was gone about a week—rather long sermon.

Mr. S. L. Burwell, who was recently called to the bedside of his sick father, has returned to school and reports that Dr. Burwell is convalescent.

Mr. H. M. McElhany, of Virginia, traveling secretary of the Y. M. C. A., visited the Association at Millsaps the 2nd and 3rd inst. He went from here to Natchez to attend the state convention of the Y. M. C. A.

The Kappa Sigma and the Kappa Alpha fraternities will each give its annual reception on the evening of April 20th. All who attend will doubtless spend a delightful evening, as the fraternity boys are royal hosts.

Friday, April 27, will be Field day, and judging from the amount of enthusiasm already displayed, this bids fair to be one of the best Field days in the history of the college. We expect that a good many of the records will be broken.

The seventh anniversary of the Galloway Literary Society will be held in the college chapel on Friday evening, April 13, when the following program will be rendered: Mr. J. T. McCafferty, the anniversarian, will speak on the "Making of the South." Mr. E. H. Galloway, the first orator, "Stumbling Blocks Along the Road of Life—Their Help." Mr. R. A. Clark, the second orator, "America and the Nineteenth Century." All the friends of the society are cordially invited to attend.

The Girls' Shakespearean club, of Jackson, entertained very delightfully at a reception Friday evening, April 7th, a number of the college boys being invited. Dainty refreshments were served, after which all were requested to compete for two prizes offered for the best original poems on the club. Miss Marion Meacham and Mr. H. G. Fridge were the winners. All spent a most pleasant evening, with Miss Marion Meacham as the charming hostess of the club.

The seventh anniversary of the Lamar Literary Society will be held in the college chapel on Friday evening, April 20th, with the following speakers: Mr. T. W. Holloman, anniversarian; C. N. Guice, orator. The annual address will be delivered by Gov. A. J. McLaurin. With this excellent program we feel sure that the anniversary will be a grand success. All their friends are cordially invited to attend.

The state convention of the Y. M. C. A. met at Natchez from the 6th to the 8th inst., the following going as delegates from Millsaps: G. R. Bennett, R. A. Clark, L. W. Felder, C. N. Guice, L. F. Magruder and C. M. Simpson.

Prof. J. C. Hardy, for several years superintendent of the Jackson city schools, and an alumnus of the Millsaps law department, was recently elected president of the A. & M. college at Starkville, Miss. The Collegian extends congratulations.

We hear of horseless carriages,
  Propelled by unseen force;
Also of loveless marriages,
  Which generate divorce.
We hear of wireless telegrams,
  A wonder of our day,
But 'twixt them armless courtships
  Will never come to stay.

To train the mind to think, to think deeply, to think comprehensively, to think vigorously, is the real meaning of education. Such is the task. It means work. Energy and application are the essentials.

Soliloquy of A Boarding Club Student.

Backward, then backward, oh time in thy flight; feed me on gruel just for tonight. I am so weary of sole-leather steak, petrified doughnuts and vulcanized cake; oysters that slept in the watery bath, butter as strong as Goliath of Gath. Weary of paying for what I don't eat, chewing up rubber and calling it meat. Backward, turn backward, for weary, I am; give me a whack at grandmother's jam; let me drink milk that has never been skimmed, let me eat butter whose hair has been trimmed. Let me once more have an old-fashioned pie, and then I'll be ready to turn up and die."

I found her in the apple tree,
Swinging, singing merrily.
She was indeed a charming miss,
Perched
in this.
the
apple
tree
like
She wouldn't come down, so nothing prevented
My going up, since she consented.
Did I enjoy it? Truly 'twas bliss
Perched
in like this.
the
apple
tree
Sitting there longingly, swinging our feet
Our bliss was doomed to be short and sweet.
The cursed limb broke as I grabbed for a kiss,
And we fell
out
of
the
tree
like this.

An Irishman, eating his first green corn, handed the cob to the waiter and asked, "Will you please put some more banes upon me stick?"

MILLSAPS COLLEGE,

Jackson, - - - Mississippi.

Seventh Session Opened Sept. 27th.

Second Term Begins Jan. 29th.

Millsaps College offers courses leading to three Collegiate degrees—B.A , B.S., Ph.B.

A well-equipped Law School offers courses leading to the professional degree of LL.B.

Ample provision is also made for the instruction of those who are not candidates for any degree.

FOR CATALOGUE,

OR FURTHER INFORMATION, ADDRESS

PRESIDENT W. B. MURRAH.

HARRIS DICKSON

Author of "The Black Wolf's Breed."

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. 2 JACKSON, MISS., MAY, 1900 No. 13

HARRIS DICKSON.

N this issue of the Collegian appears an excellent likeness of this gifted young Mississippian, who has recently and suddenly become a literary star of the first magnitude. He has achieved fame already, and has the promise of a brilliant career. His first book, "The Black Wolfs Breed," has successfully passed the gauntlet of the severest critics, and attained wide popularity.

The life of Mr. Dickson has been spent chiefly in the cities of Jackson and Vicksburg. At a very early age he displayed manly independence, and insisted on carving out his own destiny. When quite a youth he was stenographer in the law office of Nugent & McWillie, and there demonstrated such remarkable aptitude for work that he was, after a time, elected court stenographer of the capitol district. Mentally alert, and eager to learn, he not only mastered his profession, but found time to study law and to cultivate literature.

From time to time short stories from his pen appeared in the New Orleans dailies, and those who knew him best felt sure he was destined to a literary career.

Resigning his position as court stnographer, he removed to Vicksburg, where he has since been practicing law. It is understood that another volume from his facile pen is soon to appear, and into the attractive paths of literature he may be led by popular demand. Among the many favorable notices of Mr. Dickson's book, space is given to

one of the first to appear, written by his friend and admirer, Bishop Charles B. Galloway:

"The Black Wolf's Breed" is a volume just from the press by Mr. Harris Dickson, of Vicksburg. The first literary venture of our brilliant young friend evidences genius of a high order, and is prophecy of greater things in the future. Unless I am much mistaken this book will give him national fame. It is a story of France in the old world and the new during the reign of Louis XIV —the period which built the Empire of Louisiana, "in the vague, dim valley of Mississippi," as the author happily phrases it. The story deals with "times when a man's good sword was ever his truest friend, when he who fought best commanded most respect."

While eagerly reading every page I was constantly wondering when the young author, whose practical, busy life had been denied learned liesure, had formed such a charming literary style. He certainly had studied the best models, and with rare discrimination adopted a form of speech eminently suited to his splendid genius. There are passages of exquisite beauty and genuine poetic sentiment, as for instance, when he describes the young hero from Biloxi, Captain de Mouret, at a court entertainment in France, singing, to the amazement of royal Paris and Versailles, a crooning death incantation of the Choctaws, and the effect produced by "the soft, Indian words dropping as the splash of unknown, unseen waters."

There are scenes in which he displays unusual dramatic power, and in the development of character he shows the skillful hand of a master. I have read few volumes in which is so graphically described the tragedy of passionate love overmastering soldierly and personal honor as in the case of the brave and brilliant young Jerome de Greville. The thrilling interest of the story is admirably sustained to the last page, and throughout the book is a series of splendid surprises.

But this is not intended as a review of this admirable

volume. I only wanted to heartily commend it to the reading public, and express my gratification that our former townsman and fellow-Mississippian has made so brilliant a debut into the literary world.

My Uncle's Philosophy of Life.

For fifteen years my uncle and I had lived together. After the death of my father my uncle had taken me into his home and had treated me as he would a son. My uncle was a man about fifty years old though his face was so smooth and his eyes so bright that he was invariably taken to be ten years younger. He was an astronomer and a well equipped observatory was fitted up in his house. A very unusual man was my uncle, some people called him a man of dreams, but all men looked up to him as being one of the best and greatest men in the world. In all the years I had stayed at my uncle's house, I never knew him to worry. Things that would fret an ordinary mortal seemed not to affect him in the least. He had no cares, for as he often said, "There is no such thing as care. Things will happen as they do and no worrying can make them happen otherwise, so why worry about anything." He was a man of such a great soul that he never showed the least anger at the failings of others, even though his own affairs were injured by those failings.

I often wondered what happy combination of circumstances had made my uncle the happy, easy going man that he was. He told me that he was writing a biography of himself to be published after his death, and that he was going to leave this for me to do.

As my uncle progressed with his uatobiography, I became more interested and asked to be allowed to read the manuscript when it was finished. "Well" said my uncle, "To-morrow I will finish it, and if you will come to my

study at eleven I will tell you about it and place the manuscript in your hands."

Promptly at eleven, I walked into my uncle's study. He had just laid aside his pen and was arranging the sheets of manuscript. Taking a chair, I said, "I am ready to hear your story." He turned on me a dreamy eye and said, "Boy, were you ever disappointed?" "Yes," I answered quickly. "Well," he continued, "I am going to tell you the story of a man who has never been disappointed. If I tire you, you must tell me and I'll stop and at some other time I'll finish for you." "Do tell me all about it uncle. I am not going to get the least bit tired," I pleaded, and so he began the story of his life.

"About my birth and parentage I shall say nothing, for you know all about that. My early childhood was spent about like most boys spend their early days—in getting the most possible pleasure out of life. In the preparatory school I stood the first in my class and so won the best wishes and friendship of all my teachers. When I had finished the prescribed preparatory course and was about to leave that institution, the principal, my warmest friend, called me into his room and had a long talk with me. 'My boy,' he said, 'You are capable of any undertaking. Whatever you turn your hand to will not be a failure. Now, before you leave us entirely, I want to give you a word of advice. Don't let trifles mar your life. Let nothing disappoint you. Always try to be the absolute master of yourself.' The words of my teacher did not fall on deaf ears. I thought deeply on what he said.

"Thirty years ago I walked in that door and saw my father sitting here at his desk. 'Well, you have finished the academy,' he said, 'What are you going to do now?' 'I am going to college now,' said I, 'and am going to make a special study of Chemistry and Physics.' 'Chemistry and Physics!' my father exclaimed, 'Chemistry and Physics. What on earth do you want with Chemistry and Physics? Astronomy is the greatest science in the world.

You can be a light in any profession, why not adorn that of Astronomy?' 'But, father,' I replied, 'I have dreamed of this other profession all my life and have had my heart set on it. It will be a great disappointment to me if you force me to study anything else.' 'Had your heart set on it? It will be a great disappointment? Is that what they have been drilling into you at the academy?' I thought of my teacher's last words and said that I would gladly give up my plan and that I would study what he advised. A smile lit up the old man's face, and he said: 'I'm so glad you will take my advice and study astronomy. Here is my observatory, you can take it when I'm gone and can follow out some of my work I shall leave here for you. Now,' continued he, 'I have a beautiful theory here, but it is too visionary and too void of facts. It is this: You know the sun is the center of the solar system; that the earth revolves around him as do other planets in orbits larger and smaller than the orbit of the earth. What I want to prove is that each planet is getting nearer and nearer to the sun; that at last they are joined to the sun; that each planet has come from somewhere in space, attracted by the mass of the sun, and that each planet has passed through the successive stages from Neptune to Mercury, and at last looses itself in the vast heat of the sun. It would please me greatly if I could prove that Venus was once in the place of the earth and is now on her way to occupy the place of Mercury, while Mercury is gradually nearing the sun. For years I have taken most accurate observations, but, as yet, can prove nothing, though I believe my latest observations show some small change from those I made 30 years ago.' I did not understand a word of what my father was saying, but, believing entirely in him, I promised that I would study astronomy faithfully and that I would assist him in establishing his unique theory of the solar system.

"I went to college, and in all my work proved that I was as good a student as I ever had been, but in some of my work various things interposed to make me feel unhappy

and disconted. I had my college friends, of course, but the best friend I ever made at college was my professor in astronomy. Hearing that I intended making a special study of astronomy, he sought me out and showed me the greatest kindness. He was a man of a stern face and he was thought to be the deepest thinker that had ever occupied a chair in the college. His continued theme when talking with me was the folly of worrying. How often has he told me there was no such thing as disappointment; that there was no use to worry about things that would happen by the will of God.

"Twenty one years ago I came back home to begin the intended work of my father. We worked without result for several years, when he died, leaving me to carry out what he had begun. I have since his death faithfully kept my promise and after twenty one years of labor, I see nothing accomplished. Yet, I am not disappointed in my calling. My early training has made me doubt the existence of disappointment. I am happy, too, because even though what I have been working at is still in a state of chaos, yet in my observations I have made other discoveries which have placed my name among the first astronomers.

"I know people think I am peculiar in being so thoroughly the master of myself that I wont allow the trifles of this life to annoy me. I am as one in an eddy of the current of life's troubles, and watch with a calm eye the less fortunate who pass me by struggling in the hurrying stream.

"As to the fate which forced me to follow one profession when I earnestly desired to follow another, I will say nothing; it matters little. For the fruitless years I have spent in trying to establish an old man's fancy, I have no excuse. All things to me are just ordained happenings over which there is no use to worry. My old long bearded, thoughtful, stern faced professor has taught me well the folly of worrying about anything.

"I said before there were some things that were not at all pleasant for me at school. At college I was forced to undergo certain experiences which have prevented me trom being an entire believer in my old college professor. The story is soon told. It was a love affair, and whenever I think of it, with all its joy and pain, I cannot still the throbbings of a disappointed heart.

"Anna filled my whole life. I cannot now think of her without a pang of sorrow and regret, though I profess to believe in no sorrow, no regret. I remember how I loved her and how happy we used to be together. I trusted her with all my love and she provad false to me. Shortly before my graduation we had become engaged and had determined to marry as soon as possible after the approaching commencement. How happy we both were. It seemed to me that I was drinking deeper of the cup of joy than any man ever had.

"Every Tuesday morning she used to write me a letter and I told the time by Tuesdays, everything was counted from Tuesday.

"One Tuesday morning an old chum introduced one of his young friends to me, and while we were talking, the postman's whistle was heard and my mail came in. There it was, the dainty little envelope with the small hand writing, it was my usual Tuesday morning letter from Anna. I carelessly looked through my mail. 'Oh, you're one of the five?' said the young stranger, as he caught sight of my Anna's letter. 'What do you mean?' I said fiercely. Seeing that his exclamation was entirely involuntary and that he meant no offense, I softened my rough manner somewhat and asked him to please explain himself. 'Oh,' said he, 'I may be mistaken, but I have been staying in the postoffice at Y—— and every Monday afternoon for a long, long time, a young lady has been mailing five similar letters. I have seen them so often that I know the addresses and names. I knew you were one of them, but I had forgotten it, and the sight of the

little letter rather startled me.' 'Does Jack Peppers get one?' I asked in tremulous haste. 'Yes,' said the boy, and also Mr. John B. Almond.' He would have told me more, but bringing my well trained emotions under control, I gave a hearty laugh and said. 'Yes, we are all friends.'

"When the visitor had departed I found that I had a case before me which my philosophies did not deal with. I was miserable; I was disappointed and my heart ached. With a sad heart and burning brain, I went through the regular routine of school duties, and after hours I roamed around the campus trying to find some rest for my aching heart and seeking to apply the principles of my philosophy. I could get no relief.

"In the night a storm arose—to keep company with the storm in my breast, I thought. Commerce in all direction had to be suspended and no mails could be transported. For several weeks the roads were thus impeded and when the mails again came I saw a Y—— paper announcing the marriage of Miss Anna Leek and Mr. W. T. Prudent. I was not surprised; it was what I had feared and dreaded since the day when I had met the glib young stranger, Johnson.

"Years have passed since then, but I cannot forget how my heart once thrilled at the sound of her voice. Time has healed the wound in part, but the memory of that happy dream of youth will be with me always. Could I but make nothing of my love affair, I would preach the teachings of my old, deep thinking professor on the folly of worrying.

"Partly as an amusement and for other reasons I have written in this manuscript the few incidents of my life. When I am gone you may publish it, and while I live you may read its pages and from my experiences you may learn many things."

My uncle finished his story and I fancied I saw tears in his eyes as he finished. With a wave of his hand, as if to clear away the clouds of sad memories, he gave me the

manuscript, and in his usual merry style, he walked out of the study with his hand upon my arm.

For weeks things went on as usual at my uncle's house. One morning, when we were enjoying the cool May breezes on our veranda, the postman passed and put into my uncle's hand a letter addressed to him in a small handwriting. One glance was sufficient for my uncle. Hastily he tore open the letter and read the contents. It was from Anna Leek. For years she had lived near my uncle in Y——and would not tell him of the mistake the paper had made. She was too proud to write and explain, because she thought my uncle had wronged her in not writing to her, after he believed she was married. She was very ill now and believed she was going to die. She begged to be forgiven and confessed an undying love for my uncle.

My uncle's face was radiant with joy. "I believe in nobody's philosophy but my own," said my uncle. "My boy, just burn up that manuscript I gave you."

My uncle packed his trunk and departed for Y——. He wrote that he found Anna Leek very near the grave, and that after some suspense she had begun to improve.

My uncle came back from Y—— yesterday, bringing with him a wife. He doesn't talk about his philosophy of the rules of life now, for instead of having troubles he has joy—and Anna Leek. *Morris A. Chambers.*

God as Revealed in Chemistry and Physics.

Lecture Delivered Before the Classes Studying the Sciences at Millsaps College, May 1, 1900.

In talking to you of God as revealed in the study of Chemistry and Physics, I do not wish you to think that man's belief in the Heavenly Father is at all dependent

upon natural phenomena. The foundations of that belief rest in the human heart itself. If there were no such facts as those I shall soon array before you, I would still believe in a divine Master, because I must, because it is common sense. The human race instinctively looks up to God. That instinct is perhaps founded in the general facts of nature. It certainly is so reasonable that only the fool, or the man who is incapable of taking in the broad horizon of subjective and objective phenomena, says in his heart there is no God.

Nor would I have you believe that chemistry and physics alone look up to an intelligent, loving mind. Any science leads inevitably to the same conclusion. The infinity of astronomy, the vastness of time in geology, the wonders of the mind in psychology, the wonders of animal structure in anatomy, the complexity of the life process in biology, besides the deductions of logic and the speculations of metaphysics, all lead the observer surely and swiftly to an omniscient, omnipresent, and beneficient Creator.

If there is one thing the mind surely knows, it is the difference between design and chance. This world is the result of the one or the other. If the former, there is no God; if the latter, He exists from the beginning and demands our service. Let us now examine the method of detecting design. It is instinctively detected wherever we observe harmony and order. I was once tramping in the Hartz Mountains in Northern Germany, now famous in Heine's beautifully written "Hartzreise," and was climbing one of the mountains at the foot of the Brocken, that pivotal scene of the Faust legend. I saw about me beautiful balsam trees, presumably formed by chance through mere coincidence of nature's laws. But of a sudden I found that I could look down the mountain, as far as the eye could reach, and observed that the trees were in perfectly straight rows up hill and down. All were in line. I then exclaimed, "These trees were planted; a designing mind did this."

Hear another example: At the foot of many glaciers can be found small mountains of rocks of all kinds and sizes, indiscriminately heaped together, mixed with broken trees and earth. Such a mass of matter is plainly a result of chance; that is to say, each boulder or tree reached that spot independently of the other, and no harmonious result was obtained by their assemblage. But soon, upon the penitentiary square in the city of Jackson you will see another pile of rocks, earth and trees of about the same size. Yet how different will that second mass be! The rocks are well selected in stability and beauty for an evident purpose, and have a suitable shape. They fit into one another neatly. The earth has the property of hardening and holding the rocks firmly together. Trees are cut into proper shape, after being selected well, and are seen to lie in proper place. There are cavities of beautiful and worthy form in the mass with evident design. The whole body has a wonderfully artistic shape, with its glancing dome and fascinating frescoe work. No one who looks upon this harmony of materials, the capitol of Mississippi, will doubt that it is the work of a single mind.

We have thus an infallible test of the handiwork of intelligence. Wherever we see harmony and order, we know it is the result of mind. Our proposition is therefore as follows: To prove that this world is a unit, a harmony of multitudinous intricacies, an order of the most diverse laws; that one purpose has been served in the constitution of the world: namely, the development in all its fullness and delicacy of the human mind; and that this result could only have been accomplished by the omniscient designs of an omnipotent mind.

I shall begin with one statement which I shall proceed to verify: There are thousands of the most diverse conditions called economies of nature upon and around the earth; if anyone of these had been absent, man, in all his glory, would have been a physical impossibility. Indeed,

so firmly am I convinced of the wonderful and designed adaptibility of this earth to the creation of man, that I am bold enough to make this statement: If there are other worlds inhabited by intelligent animals, their active elements are carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen, their atmospheres are like ours, their chief liquid is water, and their beings are constructed of flesh and blood like ours. As far as the mere transformation of energy that takes place in animal bodies is concerned, any chemical elements might take part in such, but when we consider the delicacy of these reactions and the numberless economies of nature, we perceive that there are no known elements and no others theoretically possible which can take the place of the four I have mentioned. Can we say it is mere accident that these are found in proper proportions upon the earth? No, for on the mathematics of probabilities there was not one chance in ten billion of an earth like ours being formed. I shall now show you the wonderful suitability of these four elements to the development of the human mind as a receptive of the soul.

Nitrogen is found just to the right extent on the earth. It is an inert gas, but it is further remarkable for the instability of the compounds it forms. This instability is the secret of the delicate reactions of the life process. No other element could take its place in this correct degree of instability. Protoplasm, the fundamental life substance, gains its great flexibility from nitrogen, allowing anabolism, or the building up of energy in flesh and katabolism, or the giving out of energy from flesh to take place easily, allowing these subtle changes to occur in the human brain and form the material foundation for the highest and noblest thoughts. Without nitrogen, the crowning work of creation—thought and conscience—would be impossibilities in human bodies.

Oxygen composes 1-5 of the atmosphere, 8-9 of the water, and 1-2 of the solid earth. Its power of combination is greater than that of any other known element. Its affinity

for most of the elements is so great that its compounds are most stable. This world was the result of a process of burning, whereby the solid compounds formed the nucleus, the liquid clustering around, the excess of gas hovering over all, as an atmosphere. Whence came the oxygen? Why should it have been present in such great excess? Chemistry offers no explanation. In the working out of chance merely, all the elements should have been formed in equal amounts.

In the life process no element could take the place of oxygen. Chlorine is similar to it but combines too readily with other elements. Sulphur is a solid and its hydride is entirely too unstable to take the place of oxygen's hydride water. Chlorine and its compounds, and sulphur and its compounds, are characterized by poisonous odors. Furthermore, oxygen requires a certain kindling temperature for quick combination, preventing the combustible material of the earth from going up in one vast conflagration. No other gas shows such a remarkable property along with such avidity. Manifestly this is a prerequisite of life's development. Again, oxygen has an enormous affinity for hydrogen and carbon, making the energy stored up in these compounds very great. If it were not for that fact, living things would have to be too large for higher development. If, for instance, the atmosphere contained chlorine instead of oxygen, then from the standpoint of force, plants would be perhaps one hundred times as large, and man himself taller than the ordinary tree. A ton of coal would then not keep a room warm for one hour. All of this is true because of the small amount of energy in coal with reference to chlorine, as compared with reference to oxygen.

Having considered nitrogen and oxygen, let us examine them together as found in the atmosphere. Now we see the striking coincidences of their natures. It could be no chance that they have such properties. Forty-five miles deep, there is enough air for fullest develop-

ment of life. The two gases are mixed in just the right proportions. A little more nitrogen and we would smother; a little more oxygen and the first careless fire would spread around the world. Fortunately, oxygen and nitrogen have little affinity for each other. Their compound, a brown gas, is poisonous in the extreme. If they tended to form this compound, as they would if it possessed any heat of formation, the first lightning flash would fill the air with the brown vapors that have run many a student out of the chemical laboratory.

The air is colorless and transparent. Neither chlorine nor sulphur would be, and no sunlight could reach us pure. The eye, the noblest of the five senses, would be a bitter mockery. Even if air were transparent and did not have the power of diffusing sunlight, as its dust and moisture particles enable it, we would never have the power to see except in the direct sunlight. In the forest, under the trees, it would be black as night. No mountain valley would have light after the shadows fell. Even houses with windows open would be too dark for sight. In fact, vision would lose all of its usefulness.

Air has the power of absorbing much of the heat of the sun, preventing the earth from parching and flesh from frying during the day. It has the power of preventing radiation, keeping the earth from cooling below zero, even of a summer night. If this were not so, you can imagine where you and I would be. Air, like all gases, is easily expanded upon heating. This property is the secret of the wind, by which moisture is distributed in the atmosphere and precipitated all over the earth. Without wind, with a stationary atmosphere, earth would never have gotten beyond her girlhood day—the day of fishes and other water animals. The air is only a mechanical mixture; if this were not so, the oxygen and carbon would not so easily pass into animals and plants. This mixture is the same practically everywhere, making the entrancing strains of music possible. If the air were in

layers according to the density of its constituent gases, not only would music be on a higher key as you went up stairs, destroying the beauty of sound, but life itself would be torn from animals by the suffocating carbon dioxide that would spread everywhere below.

When I begin the study of carbon in this connection, I feel like taking off my hat out of respect. Just think of it! Over 100,000 compounds are known of carbon with chiefly hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen. The carbon atom's linking power with other carbon atoms, forming chain and ring compounds of unlimited intricacy, is the material marvel of the world. Only a very small part of the carbon compounds have ever been identified. It forms probably a million compounds, if all combinations of life tissue were known. In nature, in this respect, it so far surpases any other element, that we are safe in affirming carbon to be the basic element of mortal life, no matter on what earth. Silicon is the only other element that shows this power at all, and its many products, such as we see in the minerals, are entirely too stable for ordinary protoplasm, much less for brain cells.

If carbon dioxide were a soiid or a liquid, where would the plants be? How would they imbibe their bulk from the air? How would the interchange of matter between plants and animals take place? If carbon in the free state were not a porous mass with great absorptive ability, fertility could not accumulate in the soil? A new supply of fertilizers would have to be purchased after every rain. Of course, without the black charcoal that retains the richness of the land from century to century as it accumulates, not only would agriculture have been impossible, but no kind of plant could have persisted on the earth.

As we know, the sunlight separates carbon and oxygen, giving the former to the plants for growth, and the latter to the air for breath. Animals use the plants and inhale the air, giving forth in their muscles the energy that the plants got from the sun. What a wonderful

inter-relation is this! When we realize that with no other element than carbon and oxygen would this beautiful interdependence be possible, we see that by no mere chance could just the quantities of these elements become entangled in the condensing earth.

The hydrogen atom is the lightest known. This very characteristic is necessary to the life process. In those delicate transformations of protoplasm none but the lightest particles could fly so swiftly from molecule to molecule, and thus preserve the life of the cell. The cell is the unit of life. Whatever that mysterious word implies—and its very mystery is an attestation of God—we know at least that without the cell and its harmonious relation with other cells, the human mind and conscience could not exist in mortal flesh. Yet it happened that in the formation of this world there was brought upon it the requisite quantity of hydrogen.

But it is when we study the remarkable properties of hydrogen's compound with oxygen that we see the omniscient economy of nature. It is impossible that blind chance could cause such a remarkable substance as water to come into existence—a substance which is so fully adapted to form the basis of all kinds of life and which is so wonderfully differentiated from all other liquids. Why should it occur in such large quantities? Seek for that answer from the Divine. Water's temperature of easy evaporation and condensation are just those that exist on the surface of the earth. If it had a lower boiling point, we we would be suffocated with too much moisture in the atmosphere. It has the highest specific heat of any liquid; if this were as little as in ordinary liquids, water would boil in the ocean on a summer's day and freeze of a winter's night. Its specific heat is so high that to raise a pound of water only one degree centigrade in temperature you must impart to it as much energy as to lift it bodily upward 1400 feet.

Water's latent heat of evaporation is higher propor-

tionately than its specific heat. Had it as low a constant in this line as most liquids, the clouds would be many times as large and rain many times as copious. Lands would be washed bare of vegetation in one season were water like other liquids. Scientists have no idea of the cause of this high constant, though a mere explanation is simple enough.

You have all, of course, heard of the wise arrangement of nature in that water expands on freezing. The ice floats, and, being a non-conductor, as are nearly all liquids, protects the water or soil below from extremely low winter temperatures. Geology, as well as Scripture, teaches us that aquatic animals were first created, but without this expanding power of ice formation, it is not possible to see how these organisms could have survived a single winter.

The high latent heat of freezing of water is a further protection. Most liquids, even if they were present in such quantities on the earth, and expanded on freezing, would become solid completely after a few weeks cold. A pound of boiling water will hardly do more than melt a pound of ice, the resulting temperature being only ten degrees above freezing. This shows how much heat ice absorbs on melting. Were this not so, the overflows of the springtime from melting ice and snow would be something fearful to behold.

The contrast between water's density as a liquid and as a gas is also greater far than that of any other substance. Its great density gives solidarity to the animal body and bouyancy to the ocean. Its solvent power is also greatest. As we know, the lymph of the blood is merely a solution. No man knows the great extent to which this property of water is essential to the various forms of life. Furthermore, water is peculiar in having great electrical dissociation power over the substances dissolved in it. It breaks up most of these into two parts, each easily responsive to chemical reaction. The so-called "wet" analytic processes are founded on this principle. Cannot such a power in some way be involved in the rapidly changing chemistry of the animal body, and especially of the human brain? It seems to me very probable.

We have thus seen how the properties of carbon, nitrogen, oxygen and hydrogen are intricately interlaced into each other in order to make one grand fact

possible—the human mind and soul. I might show other evidences of design from the chemistry of this earth. I might speak of some of its unfathomable problems—problems so deep that only an all powerful God could have propounded them. For instance, consider that wonderful relation between the weights and properties of the atoms, which lies at the door of the secret of matter's origin and which we see through a glass darkly in the Periodic Law. Consider, furthermore, the useful properties of the metals, all of them found in plenty and each adapted to aid in the advance of civilization. Iron, with its toughness, its power of steel formation, and its susceptibility to magnetism, shows in itself alone such a remarkable collection of properties as must have been the result of all-seeing Design.

So much for evidences of God's design from the study of chemistry. When we turn to physics, we see as many points of proof. But we shall have also to deal with this subject briefly. Let us fix our attention first upon that imponderable fluid, called "ether," whose existence we can prove, but whose properties involve so many contradictions and apparent impossibilities that man pauses in astonishment. Its very mystery is an argument for God. Why should it exist at all? We could conceive of a universe without ether's connecting links, but such a universe could hardly be inhabited by higher beings of flesh and blood. The useful properties of the ether are as essential to the existence of man in his glory as any of the four elements that we have considered. It is the medium of vision; without it the eye would be useless and all the world be dark. Without it, plants could not bask in the sunshine and the loving warmth of the sun would not be ours. Without it, there would be absolutety no connection between heavenly bodies. The earth would still be "without form and void," because it could not have radiated its heat. There could be no dew, no color, no fire, no life. Truly it is exiomatic that a loving Providence built a universe with this fluid surrounding it, so that man, in His image, could develop in all his grandeur.

What about the other forces of nature? Were the beautiful sounds of rejoicing spring intended for no ears? Were the innumerable tints of the sky for no eyes? Was the attraction of gravitation holding the earth in moving equilibrium and keeping all objects firm upon it, arranged for the production of no higher beings? Are

the chemical and molecular forces which keep our bodies solid and prevent the earth from returning to its original nebulous condition, intended not to serve the actual purpose which we find they do serve—the making possible of man and his nobler life? Is the wonderful construction of the human body itself the product of blind chance, with its unknowable chemistry, with its perfect hinges, with its ideal levers, with its powerful muscles, with its camera—the eye, with its phonograph—the ear, with its telegraph—the nerves, with its central office—the brain?

No, whatever the origin of the earth and of man, whether we can go back 6000 or 6,000,000 years, we must eventually pause, and bow reverently before the God of Creation, the God of Love, the God of Design.

You will now, I trust, find new meaniug in these inspired words, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

A. M. Muckenfuss.

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Our next issue of the Collegian, which is also the last, will contain pictures of the several classes with the history of each, and the cuts of the faculty and the college buildings. We are sure this will prove an attractive number.

We desire to thank our readers for the support they have given us, and the contributors who have so generously aided in the publication of the magazine. As this is probably the last issue in which we will be heard from through the columns of this department we bid farewell to our readers.

Despite the yellow-fever and our lateness in opening, Millsaps College has had one of the most prosperous years of her history. The students have been unusually enthusiastic in their work and have gained words of approbation from their professors. Fourteen young men will be graduated from our institution in June, the largest class since the foundation of the college. Quite a number of these young men will turn their attention to medicine and law, while four of them will enter the ministry. We predict for them a bright nnd glorious future. And in after life let them sound the praises of old Millsaps, for to her they owe all their success.

In some schools the "cut" system has been adopted with success, why not in Millsaps? Each student is allowed to be absent from his classes a certain number of times, and any other absences are not to be excused except by special action of the faculty. It would lessen the desire of the students to absent themselves from their recitations, and we believe the majority of the students would not desire to take advantage of their "cuts." A little headache would not keep so many away from their classes. We believe it is a good plan.

In this issue will be found a lecture delivered by Dr. Muckenfuss, of our college, on "God as revealed in the study of Physics and Chemistry." Many ideas are presented which escape the large majority of persons, and we feel sure that it will prove very interesting to those who read it.

A petition is being circulated among the students asking the Board of Trustees of our institution to allow inter-collegiate games. In our last issue we attempted to show some of the advantages that would accrue from such a step, and we hope that our request will be granted.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

"Very few individuals in the world possess that happy consciousness of their own prowess, which belongs to the newly graduated collegian. He has most abounding faith in the tricksy panoply that he has wrought out of the metal of his classics. His mathematics, he has not a doubt, will solve for him every complexity of life's questions, and his logic will as certainly untie all Gordian knots, whether in politics or ethics.

"He has no idea of defeat, he proposes to take the world by storm, he half wonders that quiet people are not startled by his presence. He brushes, with an air of importance, about the halls of country hotels; he wears his honor at the public tables; he fancies that the inattentive guest can have little idea that the young gentleman, who so recently delighted the public ear with his dissertation on "The General Tendency of Opinion," is actually among them, and quietly eating from the same dish of baff and of pudding! Our poor Clarence does not know—heaven forbid that he should!—that he is but little wiser now than when he turned his back upon the old academy, with its gallipots and broken retorts; and that with the addition of a few Greekroots, a smattering of Latin, and some readiness of speech, he is almost as weak for breasting the strong current of life, as when a boy. America is but a poor place for the romantic book-dreamer. The demands of this new western life of ours, are practical, and earnest. Prompt action and ready tact are the weapons by which to meet it and subdue it. The education of the cloister offers at best, only a sound starting point, from which to leap into the tide."

"Ik. Marvel in 'Dream Life'."

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"The college graduate starting in business is in the same position as the boy who left his school four years ago—a novice—except that his condition is worse, for he has age, pride and the knowledge that he has gone through college, and therefore is superior in learning to the boy who has not.

"Is it a fact that young men are too highly educated? Should they be put into businees early and let all other kinds of education go? I do not say that. I do maintain, however, that a business education in connection with our schools should be fully, actively and intensely maintained.

"I do not mean that any particular kind of business should be taught. General principles are the same in all business affairs, and instruction in these principles should be universal."—*Chas. T. Yerkes,* on the subject: "A Business Education in Connection with Our Schools."

***

There is a bit of doggerel, exceedingly old-fashined, but exceeeingly sensible, which runs:

"A wonderous thing is love;
It cometh from above,

And lighteth like a dove,
On some.

Some it never hits,
Unless to give them fits,
And scatter all their wits,
Ah, hum."

Now, all well regulated people fall in love sooner or later, ordinarily sooner. Some fall in love gradually, like a man climbing down the side of a steep hill, and some go kerchuck! But the percipitate experience is not embarrassing provided your love is reciprocated. An Irishman fell to the bottom of a well; somebody asked if it hurt him, and he said the falling didn't hurt him, but the stopping so suddint. There are few things in the English tongue more pathetic than the lines of a well known modern poet:

"'Tis sweet to love, but O, how bitter
To love a girl and then not git her."

So I say all well regulated people fall in love. The criticism is sometimes made that there is too much love in the modern novel. To have it spread through the book *ad nauseam, ad infinitum,* is like being butchered to make a Roman holiday. The novelist puts love in his story book because he finds it in human life. The criticism is not that people fall in love but they too frequently make fools of themselves. In other words, they do not wish to sub-

mit the question to the adjudication of judgement and common sense to which they are entirely willing to refer the most ordinary and trifling matters. So I say that it is not to be criticised that people fall in love, but that falling in love they are expected to use the common sense that they exercise on ordinary occasions.—From a lecture by *Rev. John De Witt Miller,* of Philadelphia.

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In the selection of the above clippings we mean no reflection whatever on the class of 1900, but did so because of the good advice, which, if heeded, will be of untold value to the graduates of any college.

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The editor of this department desires to express thanks to "The Bowen-Merril Co.," Indianapolis, who so kindly furnished us with the cut of Harris Dickson, which we present to our readers elsewhere in this issue. It gives us great pleasure to pay homage to Mississippi's brilliant navelist by devoting some space in our columns to a true sketch of his life. From hundreds of favorable comments on his book, we select a few to show how widely popular "The Black Wolf's Breed" has become in so short a time.

***

BOSTON—Those who love a story of lusty men in action; of kings and courtiers; soldiers and diplomats; lasses and ladies, need seek no further than "The Black Wolf's Breed," by Harris Dickson. The author has made one of the most notable contributions to the "first books" of this year. The historical setting is accurate, yet the novel loses nothing thereby, for this was the age of romance. The style is admirable, the movement rapid, and delight and satisfuction await the wide circle of readers of this new writer's work.—*The Transcript.*

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LOS ANGELES—This stirringly-told story comes to us unheralded and with the name of the new author; and yet it is a volume to be commended and praised. It belongs to the "red" order of romance, of which Weyman is a prophet and pillar, and some of its situations are equal to the best work in "A Gentleman of France." It also reminds one of "St. Ives" in the tendency of the hero to look for trouble needlessly, while the sword-play is great, even finer than Miss Johnson presents in her new serial. —*The Herald.*

NEW YORK—There is always something refreshing about an historical romance. We like the swash-bucklers and the dark chambers and the duels, while the blood that is spilled gives us a heart thrill. To this field of novel writing, Mr. Harris Dickson, a new Southern writer, has added a very good story in "The Black Wolf's Breed." There is a goodly supply of historical data, with a sufficient sprinkling of the romantic element to please the sentimental. But above all, it is written to ontertain, and its purpose is achieved.—*The Bookman.*

***

CHICAGO—Things happen in "The Black Wolf's Breed," by Harris Dickson. It is a story of action, the hero of which is both valiant and foolish. Every time he is foolish he gets into trouble, but there is compensation for this, in the fact that every time he gets into trouble he gains some desired end. The scenes are laid in the province of Louisiana and in France during the reign of Louis XIV, which naturally gives an excellent opportunity for chivalrous and daring deeds.—*The Chicago Evening Post.*

A French firm is preparing a translation of Mr. Dickson's book to be published in France. The style and historical value of the book will no doubt be received by the French people with as much appreciation as has been shown by Americans.

***

The Association work seems to be gradually improving. Each committee is working for its improvement. The devotional committee reports that there is more interest manifested since the meetings have been arranged by monthly programs. The Hand Book committee expects to get the hand book out by June 5. The Fall Campaign committee is preparing for its work. The success with which the Y. M. C. A. meets at the beginning of next session depend very much on the work of this committee. So let each one be ready to help it in its work if called upon.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

Who beat? Preps or Seniors?

"Pete," Richard, and W. T. Clark, accompanied by their sister, left last week to spend a few days at home.

Rev. Richard Wilkinson, pastor at Aberdeen, spent the last week in April at the college conducting revival services, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

Rev. H. R. Singleton, of Ruston, La., followed Bro. Wilkinson and spent a week with us. Much good was accomplished during this meeting.

W. H. Fitzhugh, A. B. '97, LL. B. '99, Attorney at Law in Memphis, Tenn., spent several days last week on the campus visiting his club mates.

The Girls' Shakesperean Club entertained Friday, May 7, with Miss McClurg as hostess. Those who attended report a very pleasant evening.

We are told that our catalogue is to be very much improved this year. New cuts of the buildings have been made. Dr. Muckenfuss, the secretary of the faculty is a hustler, and we are sure that this work will be well done.

Three members of the class of 1900 expect to go to Vanderbilt next fall. Holmes and Guice will be in the Theological Department; E. H. Galloway in the Medical Department.

Mr. J. A. Teat, who has the distinction of being the president of both the Senior Literary and Law classes, has been appointed by the State Board of Education as Institute conductor. He has been recently elected principal of Newton high school. Mr. Teat is a man of sterling qualities and well deserves these honors.

Senator Money will deliver the literary address. Knowing Senator Money's reputation as a speaker, we can safely predict a "treat" to all who hear him. Our commencement this year is to be one of the best in the history of the college. Boys, don't go home before commencement. You should not lose the opportunity of hearing these two men. And you ought also to stay to hear your class mates who have been selected by the faculty to represent your classes This is your commencement and you should stay to it.

On May 1st Dr. Muckenfuss delivered a most interesting lecture before the students of the Scientific Department. His subject was "The Design of Nature in the study of Chemistry and Physics." By extensive travel and study both in Europe and America, Dr. Muckenfuss has gathered many interesting facts on the subject. This lecture will be found in this issue of the Collegian.

The faculty has selected Messrs. E. H. Galloway, J. B. Mitchell, J. A. Teat, W. W. Holmes, T. M. Lemly and C. N. Guice to represent the Senior class at commencement. Each one of these fellows is determined that the medal "shall be mine."

The address of Dr. Hillman Brough, of Clinton, Miss., on the night of the Lamar Anniversary will long be remembered by all who had the pleasure of hearing him. Dr. Brough is a man of wonderful gifts as an orator and as a writer.

Dr. T. M. Dye, an old student of Millsaps college, who has just graduated in medicine from Tulane University, spent several days at the college visiting friends.

Dr. Murrah has just returned from Nashville, where he has been attending a meeting of the Board of Education of the M. E. Church South.

This year, the order of commencement exercises will be somewhat different. The Seniors will speak on Monday, the 11th of June, and the annual address will be delivered on the 12th.

Dr. J. W. Hanner, one of the medical students of Vanderbilt, is visiting his brother, Prof. J. P. Hanner.

The receptions of the Kappa Sigma and Kappa Alpha Fraternities were pronounced by all who attended to be "great successes."

The June number of the Collegian will be a very attractive issue. It will contain the pictures of the several classes and departments with a history of each class.

Something ought certainly to be done about widening our walk to the car line before commencement. It is an impossibility for two to walk on one plank.

H. P. Snead, Brooke Burwell, Robert Kemp and "Tot" Sproles, all former students of Millsaps, visited the college on the night of the Lamar Anniversary.

Our commencement sermon will be preached by Dr. Hoss, of Nashville, Tenn. Dr. Hoss is quite an eminent divine and we are sure that his sermon will be one well worth the hearing.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

The Student Conferences this year meet at Lake Geneva, Wis., Northfield Mass., and Ashville, N. C. The last mentioned will be held June 15-24. Our Association wants to send three men and there is no way to send them unless each member and friend is willing to help. So be ready when the finance committee calls upon you.

The delegates to the Natchez convention report it quite a success. There were about eighty-five delegates present, and nine associations represented. The work is growing in the two states, Louisiana and Mississippi, and each Association reports better work than last year. No doubt it is encouraging to the members of this Association to know that it is among the strongest. Yet this should not be enough. Let us work to make it the strongest.

There has been a revival going on at the college for the past two weeks. Rev. Richard Wilkinson from Aberdeen, was with us the first week and now Rev. H. R. Singleton from Rustin, La., is here. Both are men of power and full of the Spirit of God. The meeting has been a blessing to all. Three boys have been reclaimed and five happily converted, besides this, many of the Christian boys have been strengthened.

NOTICE TO DELINQUENTS.

The names of all who do not pay within a week will be published in the next issue. Please save the business manager the trouble by paying him at once. Boys, don't let such happen as the next issue will be our last and will have a greater circulation than any of the preceding issues and you can't afford to have your name appear among the delinquent subscribers of our college paper.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

In the *Ozark* there is a good article on "Economics." The author shows how the study of Economics is becoming widespread and the great importanceof this fact sinceso many of the great problems nowawaiting solution by the different nations are economic. In the law schoolsesp ecially, courses are being offered. In the same magazine we find two good poems, "Lift up Thine Eyes to the Hills" and "Ego Sun." The Editorial and Exchange departments are also good, but "The Delinquent" has grown tiresome.

The best thing in the *Hendrix College Mirror* is an article on the "Education of the Negro." This is a subject worthy of the consideration of all American citizens, for the negro problem is perhaps the most important of all our problems. The standpoint of the author is beyond question the right one and his arguments are forcible.

In *Blue and Gold,* while we find no fiction, we find much solid reading matter. The criticism on "To have and to hold" shows deep study by the author. "Ideals" and "Try and Come Home Somebody" are articles full of the sort of sentiment that ought to be instilled in College boys. There are many good thoughts and suggestions in both.

The *Emory and Henry Era* is up to her usual standard. The departments are all good. There is a touching poem, "Mother." The solid matter is all good. The fiction is not quite up to the same standard, but compares favorably with the fiction in most of the April magazines.

"The old maid stood on the steamboat deck, whence all but she had fled, and calmly faced a kissing bug that circled overhead. The maiden shrieked, and the matron swooned, and the men all swore amen; but the old maid like a hero stayed, and whispered, 'Come again.' There was a buzz—a thunder sound—the old maid, was she dead? Nay, still she stayed and cried for more, but the kissing bug had fled.—*Ex.*

CLIPPINGS.

Mother.

I'm thinking of my mother, whose picture I see,
As from its large frame it looks down upon me,
And calls me far back over life's rolling tide
To days when in childhood I played by her side.
Those eyes, how they glow with the tenderest joy,
As they seem to look full in the face of her boy,
And speak, oh so plainly, of that tender love,
Mine while she was here and still mine from above.

A boy without mother! oh where can there be
A guide on life's journey so tender as thee!
Where, this side of Heaven, can I flee from harm
And find such a refuge as thy loving arm?
What voice is so charming, so clear and so grand,
What touch is so precious as that of thy hand,
What stories so sweet as the ones which you told
Before life's bold roses were touched by death's cold.

The prayers that I learned with my face on your knee
Have been like a fortress,dear mother, to me;
They stand while the tempests of sin o'er me roll,
True sentinels guarding the gates of my soul.
And now, as I sit in my room all alone
And hear the March winds, as they mutter and moan,
I feel a great longing for childhood once more,
With mother, my mother, the same as of yore.

Come back, won't you, mother, from that happy land,
And smooth down my hair with your own gentle hand;
Plant a kiss on my cheek as you did long ago,
And then in that whisper so soft and so low:
Oh, tell me a story of Him who can keep
A motherless child—and then sing me to sleep—
How sweetly I'll dream with my head on thy breast,
How calm be my slumber, how peaceful my rest.

Yes, press me again, mother,close to thy heart,
And let not the chilling winds drive us apart;
For, although the mansions of glory are thine,
Yet somehow or other I feel thou art mine,
And know that thy spirlt now dwelling above
Is dropping upon me the light of thy love—
Kind mother, good mother, let thy gentle hand
Guide onward my footsteps to that better land.

Ex.

Oh, if I only knew Greek,
A cinch would lessons be;
For English, Latin French and Dutch,
They all seem Greek to me.

Ex.

Some Authors.

The most cheerful author—Samuel Smiles.
The rosiest author—Howells.
The tallest author—Longfellow.
The most flowery author—Hawthorne.
The holiest author—Pope
The most amusing author—Thomas Tickele.
The happiest author—Gay.
The most fiery author—Burns.
The most talkative author—Chatterton.
The most distressed author—Akenside.

Ex.

Lives of great men oft remind us,
As their pages o'er we turn,
That we are apt to leave behind us,
Letters that we ought to burn.

Ex.

The wind bloweth,
The water floweth,
The subscriber oweth,
And the Lord knoweth
We are in need of our dues.

Ex.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollections presents them to view;
The woodshed, the slipper, my fond loving mother,
And every loved spot which she made black and blue.

Ex.

Over the hill to the 'Varsity
We rapidly wend our way;
'Tis after eight,
We may be late,
So hurry straight
Over the hill to the 'Varsity.

Over the hill to the 'Varsity
In the snow, the sleet and the rain.
The mud is deep,
The hill is steep,
Yet on we keep
Over the hill to the 'Varsity.

Over the hill to the 'Varsity,
In the heat of the summer sun;
The way is rough,
Our lessons tough,
Yet on we puff
Over the hill to the 'Varsity.

Over the hill at the 'Varsity
We spend our youthful days.
The Profs. severe
Our sweethearts dear,
Both joy and fear,
Over the hill at the 'Varsity.

Over the hill from the 'Varsity
Our last commencement day.
The school race run,
Life's work begun,
In tears we come
Over the hills from the 'Varsity.

Ex.

The Evolution of Transportation.

When I was a Freshman green,
A lexicon was all I seen.
I pulled the buggy alone,
O'er many a steep and many a stone.

But in a year, a Sophomore big,
I learned to ride in a pony rig;
And seated now in a buggy high
I made old "Bob" and "Bucepholus" fly.

A Junior next, twelve months now gone,
An interlineor sped me on—
In an automobile, o'er asphalt roads,
With all the pleasures such travel affords.

In countless years, a Senior now,
With learning deep stamped on my brow,
With ponies I now moved not a peg,
But went through simply on my leg.

Ex.

Behold the Sea!

Seest thou the sea? There glistens on its tide
The sunbeam bright;
Beneath the surges, where the pearls hide,
Is gloomy night.

The sea am I. In mighty billows dash
My thoughts so free,
And gentle songs the golden sunbeams flash
Across this sea.

They sparkle oft in pleasure, love and jest,
Bewitching art;
Yet silent ever breaths in secret breast
My dreary heart.

Ex.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

Eugene Terry, LL. B. '99, is practising law in Brandon, Miss.

Lewis T. Fitzhugh, Jr., LL. B. '98, who lately began the practice of law in Jackson, has been appointed Secretary of the Capitol Commission.

Several Millsaps men have been in Jackson lately, among them being W. H. FitzHugh, of Memphis, Tenn.; Will Hall, who is a lawyer in Meridian, and Dr. T.M. Dye, who has just completed his course at Tulane University.

T. B. Holloman, who was here in 1892-93 and afterward graduated at Emory and Henry College, is now a practicing physician of Itta Bena, Miss. He was recently married to Miss Mary Hamilton, of Abingdon, Va.

The College Catalogue will contain, this year a new feature in the list of the Alumni of the college. This list, besides giving the name of each alumni, shows the profession or business in which he is engaged and his place of residence. The list is not complete as to the professions and homes of the alumni, but it is as nearly so as it could be made in the short time between the decision on the part of the authorities to embody this new feature in the catalogue and the time for its publication. The list will, we feel sure'prove both interesting and valuable to the alumni and they can show their appreciation of it by informing the colleges of changes in respect to either address or business.

On account of the inability of the gentlemen who had been elected erator and essayist, to serve there will probably be no literary exercises at the regular meeting of the Alumni Association. Still all alumni who can should come to commencement as the regular college exercises will be very interesting and the final steps in a permanent organization of the alumni will be taken. The Literary and Law graduates of the college, about thirty in number, will be received into the Association at its meeting.

The Alumni Editor, in the first issue of the Collegian asked for the help of his fellow graduates and of all other former students in maklng their department interesting. From some of them he has received help, and for this help he thanks them, but on the whole the response has not been altogether what he wished. Still it is not too late to improve in this particular, and interesting items received in the next two weeks will go into the June issue of our magazine. If you know any news of any kind concerning an alumni or former student, let us have it even if it is about yourself.

One of our alumni who has been very successful since his graduation is S. Gordon Green, '96, graduated in medicine from Columbus University this month. He was one of the thirty leading men in a very large class and for this reason was given an opportunity to compete, in examination, for one of the eight positions to be filled from the best men of the class. As he was one of the eight best he has received the position of first interre at the Metropolitan Hospital, one of the largest hospitals in New York city. Dr. Green has for the past year held the position of Bacteriologist at the Quarantine Hospital on Blackwell's Island.

Business Managers Notices.

Boys, be sure to procure a copy of the last issue of the Collegian. It will contain eight cuts and much interesting reading matter. Those who desire can get them at reduced price.

Boys, confer a favor upon the Collegian staff by patronizing those who advertise with us. Our advertisers are reliable and experienced men in their respective lines of business.